

TWO GREAT SERIALS COMMENCED THIS WEEK
Republished by Request of Thousands, Albert W. Aiken's "Wolf Demon."
"DICK DARLING, THE PONY EXPRESS-RIDER." BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

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A MEMORY OF TWILIGHT.

BY ERNE E. REXFORD.

Round me fell the gloom of twilight,
Shutting out the world from sight,
But o'erhead the angels lighted
One by one, the lamps of night.

"I'm so tired," my darling whispered;
"And I want to go to sleep."
I could hear the quail's shrill piping
From the shadows, dense and deep.

"Take me on your bosom, mamma!"
Oh, how weak my darling's words,
But to me they held the music
Of a thousand singing-birds.

Close I held her to my bosom,
Strained against my aching breast,
But the mother arms about her
Could not soothe her into rest.

"Sing," she said. "There was a ditty
To an old-time melody
That I used to sing to hush her
Into slumber, on my knee.

And I sang this simple ditty
To his old, familiar air,
While my tears were falling, falling
Like a rain upon her hair:

"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

Came a light, so soft, so tender,
From the shadows in the west,
And it touched my darling's eyelids
With the blessed balm of rest.

Oh, that light—so strange, so radiant!
I have often thought, since then,
That an angel touched my darling
And so charmed away her pain.

For she slept—the last sweet slumber
That a weary mortal knows,
And her face grew strangely quiet
In a new and sweet repose.

Ah, she slept, to wake, at morning,
On the calm, eternal shore,
To that new and strange existence,
Wrapped in rest forevermore.

RED ARROW.

THE WOLF DEMON; OR, The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED NAZEPAPA," "AGE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES," "OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DURING the summer of '64, I spent some three months in the district in Ohio, bounded by the Ohio, the Little Miami, and the Muskingum rivers, and in some of my pedestrian excursions I penetrated into the almost trackless wilderness that even now exists in some parts of West Virginia, on the eastern bank of the Ohio, the "white-oak land," almost worthless for agricultural purposes. I spent some time, too, in the town of Chillicothe, formerly the great central village of the Shawnee tribe. All this region is rich in Indian stories, handed down by tradition, from parent to child. In my rambles, I chanced to hear a rude and disconnected story of a terrible demon that had once afflicted the Indians about the time of Corn-planter, and the great expedition against Point Pleasant, on the Ohio, where the savages sustained such a terrible defeat. Putting the scattered links together, aided by the local traditions relative to the exploits of Boone, Kenton, and the renegades Girty and Kendrick, soon perceived that I had the materials for a romance of the early times along the Ohio that bid fair to far surpass, in interest, the usually dry recitals of the Indian border wars. The "Wolf Demon" tradition gave to the story of the sanguinary struggle an intense interest. That it is more than probable such a being could have existed, any well-read man in medical lore will surely affirm.

As far as possible I have verified local tradition by written annals, and have in no wise departed from the history of the troublous times wherein the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, played so prominent a part.

Probably the best proof that my story is, in the main, correct, is the request on the part of the leading daily newspaper of Wheeling, West Virginia (near to the scene of action of the story), to republish the romance in their columns, a request that I was compelled to decline, as the SATURDAY JOURNAL holds the copyright of the work.

Since the publication of the romance, I have read it carefully, and, like the artist who lingers over the finished picture, giving it here and there a touch, to make "completion more complete," I have added a few words now and then, either to make the dramatic action stronger, or else to bring the romance still nearer to historical truth.

"Rose Cottage," ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1873.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN THE GLADE AND BY THE MOONLIGHT.

THE great, round moon looked down in a flood of silver light upon the virgin forest by the banks of the Scioto, the beautiful river which winds through the richest and fairest valley in all the wide western land—the great corn valley of the Shawnee tribe—those red warriors who, in their excursions across the Ohio (the "La Belle" river of the early French adventurers) had given to the plains and valleys of Kentucky the name of "The Dark and Bloody Land."



The rays of the moon fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man.

The tree-tops were green and silver; but under the spreading branches, sable was the gloom.

The strange, odd noises of the night broke the forest stillness. One hears all noises in the night even in a civilized land; how much more wondrous then are the wild, free cries of the inhabitants of the great green wood, untrammelled by the restraining hand of man!

The free winds surged with a mournful sound through the branches of the wood.

A ring around the moon told the coming storm.

Dark masses of clouds dashed across the sky, ever and anon veiling in the "mistress of the night," as though some unquiet spirit was envious of the pale moonbeams, and wished to cover, with its mantle, the earth, and cloak an evil deed.

A frightened deer came dashing through the aisles of the forest—a noble buck with branch-

ing horns that told of many a year spent under the greenwood tree.

Across a little open glade, whereon the moonbeams fell—kissing the earth as though they loved it—dashed the deer, and then, entering again the dark recesses of the forest, the brown coat of the wood-prince was lost in the inky gloom.

Then in the trail of the buck, guided by the noise of the rustling branches, came a dark form.

As the form stole, with noiseless tread across the moonlit glade, it displayed the person of an Indian warrior.

A red brave, decked out in deer-skin garb, stained with the pigments of the earth in many colors, and fringed in fanciful fashion.

The warrior was a tall and muscular savage, one of Nature's noblemen. A son of the wilderness untrammelled by the taint of civilization—a brave of the great Shawnee tribe, the

lords of the Ohio valley from the oil "licks" of the Alleghany stream to the level prairies where the Wabash and the White pour their muddy tide into the great river of the New World, the winding, smiling Ohio.

Fast on the trail of the deer he followed, although the chase was almost hopeless.

Hardly had the warrior crossed the glade and entered the thicket, when, on his track—following him as he was following the deer—came another form through the forest.

A form that moved with noiseless steps; a form that cast behind it a shadow gigantic in its height.

The form did not pass across the glade, but skulked around it in the shadow, as though it feared the moonlight.

The warrior penetrated into the thicket beyond the glade, but a hundred yards or so. Then satisfied that the deer was thoroughly alarmed and had sought safety in flight, the

warrior began to retrace his steps. The Shawnee brave dreamed not of the dark and fearful form—that seemed neither man nor beast—that lurked in his track.

He had hunted the deer, but little thought that he, too, in turn was hunted.

The red chief guessed not that the dread demon of his nation—the terrible foe who had left his red "totem" on the breast of many a stout Shawnee brave—was even now on his track, eager for that blood which was necessary to its existence.

With careless steps the warrior retraced his way.

From behind a tree-trunk came the terrible form. One single blow and a tomahawk crashed through the brain of the red-man.

With a groan the Shawnee chief sunk lifeless to the earth.

The dark form bent over him for a moment. Three rapid knife-strokes, and the mark of the destroyer was blazoned on the breast of the victim, reddened with blood.

Then through the aisles of the forest stole the dark form.

All living things—the insects of the earth—the birds of the night—shrank from its path. It crossed the glade full in the soft light of the moon.

The rays of the orb of night fell upon a huge gray wolf, who walked erect like a man! The face of the wolf was that of a human. In the paw of the beast glistened the tomahawk of the red-man, the edge now scarlet with the blood of the Shawnee chief.

For a moment the moon looked upon the huge and terrible figure, and then, as if struck with deadly fear at the awful sight, hid itself behind a dark cloud.

When it again came forth the strange and terrible being, that wore the figure of a wolf and the face of a man, had disappeared, swallowed up in the gloom of the forest.

Once again the creatures of the night came forth. Again the shrill cries broke the stillness of the wood.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARK ON THE TREE.

Two rifle-"cracks" broke the stillness of the wilderness, that stretched in one almost unbroken line from the Alleghany and Blue Ridge peaks to the Ohio river. The reports re-echoed over the broad expanse of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, for the shots were fired near the junction of the two streams—fired so nearly at the same time that the two seemed almost like one report.

Then, before the smoke of the rifles had curled lazily upward in spiral rings on the air, came a crash in the tangled underbrush, and forth into a little open glade—the work of Nature's master hand—dashed a noble buck. The red stream bursting from a wound just behind the shoulder and staining crimson the glossy brown coat of the forest lord, told plainly that he was stricken unto death.

The buck gained the center of the glade, then his stride weakened; the dash through the thicket was the last despairing effort of the poor brute to escape from the invisible foes whose death-dealing balls had pierced his side.

With a moan of pain, almost human in its expression, the buck fell upon his knees, then rolled over on his side, dead.

The brute had fallen near the trunk of a large oak tree—a tree distinguished from its neighbors by a blazon upon its side, whereon, in rude characters, some solitary hunter had cut his name.

Scarcely had the death-bleat of the buck pierced the silence of the glen, when two men came dashing through the woods, each eager to be the first to secure the game.

One of the two was some twenty yards in advance of the other, and reached the body of the dead buck just as his rival emerged from the thicket.

Placing his foot upon the buck, and rifle in hand, he prepared to dispute the quarry with the second hunter, for both men—strangers to each other—had fired at the same deer.

The hunter who stood with his foot upon the buck, in an attitude of proud defiance, had reloaded his rifle as he ran, and was prepared to defend his right to the game to the bitter end.

In person, the hunter was a muscular, well-built man, standing some six feet in height. Not a clumsy, overgrown giant, hardly able to bear his own weight, but a man as supple and as active as a panther. He was clad in buckskin hunting-shirt and leggings, made in the Indian fashion, but unlike that fashion in one respect, and that was that no gaudy ornaments decorated the garments. Upon the feet of the hunter were a pair of moccasins. A cap rudely fashioned from a piece of deer-skin, and with the little flat tail of the animal as an ornament, completed the dress of the hunter.

The face of the man was singular to look upon. The features were large and clearly cut. The cold, gray eye, broad forehead, and massive, squarely-chiseled chin, told of dauntless courage and of an iron will. A terrible scar extended from the temple to the chin on the left side of the face.

The hunter was quite young—not over twenty-five, though deep lines of care were upon the face.

The second hunter, who came from the tangled thicket, but paused on the edge of the little glen beholding the threatening attitude of the hunter who stood with his foot on the

deer, was a man who had probably seen forty years. He, too, like the other, was of powerful build, and his muscular frame gave promise of great strength.

He was dressed, like the first, in the forest garb of deer-skin, but his dress was gayly fringed and ornamented.

In his hand he bore one of the long rifles so common to the frontier settler of that time, for our story is of the year 1780.

The clear blue eye of the second hunter took in the situation at a glance. He readily saw that the man who stood so defiantly by the deer was not disposed to yield his claim to the animal without a struggle. So the second hunter determined upon a parley.

"Hello, stranger!" I reckon we're both after the same critter," said the hunter who stood on the edge of the little glade.

"Yes," it "pears so," replied the other, who stood by the deer.

There was something apparently in the voice of the last comer that impressed the first favorably, for he dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, though he still kept his foot upon the deer's carcass.

"Well, stranger, we can't both have the game. I think I hit him, an' of course, as it is but nat'ral, you think so, too. So I reckon we'd better find out which one of us he belongs to; 'cause I don't want him if my ball didn't finish him, an' of course, you don't want him if he's mine by right," said the second hunter, approaching the other fearlessly.

"You're right, by hooker!" cried the other, yielding to the influence of the good-humored tone of the other.

"Let me introduce myself, stranger, 'cos you seem to be a new-comer 'round hyar," said the old hunter. "My name's Daniel Boone, mayhap you've heard of me."

"Well, I reckon I have!" exclaimed the other, in astonishment. "Thar's few men on the border but what have heard on you. I'm right glad to see you, kumel."

"How may I call your name?" asked Boone, who had taken a fancy to the brawny stranger.

"Thar's my mark—my handle," said the stranger, pointing as he spoke to the name carved on the tree-trunk by which the deer had fallen. "That's me."

Boone cast his eye upon the tree.

ABE LARK HIS MARK

Such was the inscription blazoned upon the trunk of the oak.

"You see, kumel, the buck evidently thought that it was a ball from my rifle that ended him, 'cos he laid down to die right under my name," said the hunter, with a laugh.

"Abe Lark!" Boone read the inscription upon the tree aloud.

"Yes, that's me, kumel; you'n't to command," replied the hunter.

"Stranger in these parts?" questioned Boone.

"Yes," replied the other; "I've just come down from the north. I camped hyar last night, an' this morning I jest put my mark on to the tree, so that folks might know that I was round."

"I'm right glad to meet you," and Boone shook hands warmly with the stranger hunter.

"And while you're in these parts, jest take up your quarters with me. I'm stopping down yonder, at Point Pleasant, on a visit to some friends of mine."

"Well, I don't mind, kumel; I'll take your invitation in the same good spirit that you offer it," said Lark.

"Now for the deer; let's see who the animal belongs to," cried Boone, kneeling down by the carcass.

"Why, kumel, I resign all claim. It ain't for me to dispute with Kurnel Boone!" exclaimed Lark.

"Resign your claim?" cried Boone, in astonishment. "Not by a jugful. I'll wager my rifle ag'in a pop-gun that you're as good a hand at the rifle as myself. It's just as likely to be your deer as mine."

Then the two carefully examined the carcass. They found the marks of the two bullets easily; both had struck the animal just behind the shoulder, but on opposite sides. It was difficult to determine which had inflicted the death-wound.

"Well, now, this would puzzle a lawyer," muttered Boone.

"S'pose we divide the animal, share and share alike," said Lark.

"That's squar," replied Boone. "We'll take the buck in to the station. By the way, what's the news from the upper settlements?"

"Well, nothing particular, 'cept that the red devils are on the war-path ag'in," replied Lark. Boone was astonished at the news.

"On the war-path ag'in, eh? What tribe?"

"The Shawnees and the Wyandots!" cried Boone; "then we'll see fire and small gunpowder round these parts before long."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the other.

"Well, I'm glad that you have brought the news. We'll be able to prepare for the inups."

"You can depend upon it," said Lark; "a friend of mine has been right through the Shawnee country. They are coming down on to the settlements in greater force than was ever known before. They've been stirred up by the British on the border. I did hear say that the British Governor agrees to give so much apiece for white scalps to the red savages."

"The eternal villain!" cried Boone, indignantly.

"The Injuns are a-goin' to try to wipe out all the settlements on the Ohio. It will be a blood-time while it lasts," said Lark, soberly.

"We'll have to face it," replied Boone. "Did your friend hear what chief was goin' to lead the expedition ag'in us on the south?"

"Yes; Ke-ne-ha-ha."

"The man-that-walks," said Boone, thoughtfully. "He's one of the best warriors in all the Shawnee nation. Blood will run like water along our borders, I'm afear'd."

"Yes, and the renegade, Simon Girty, is to guide the Injuns."

"If I had him within reach of my rifle once, he'd never guide another Injun expedition ag'in his own flesh and blood," said Boone, and his hand closed tightly around the rifle-barrel.

"I was jest on, my way to the settlement at Point Pleasant when I started up the buck this morning," said Lark.

"Well, I'm right glad that it happened as it did, 'cos I shouldn't have had the pleasure of meetin' you," said Boone. "Now, s'pose we swing the buck on a pole an' tote it in to the station. I reasonably expect that there'll be some white faces 'over yonder when they hear that Ke-ne-ha-ha an' his Shawnees, to say nothin' of Girty, are on the war-path."

"There ought to be good men enough along the Ohio to whip any force these red devils can bring," said Lark.

"Well, they're awfully scattered, but I reckon that now that we know what's goin' on, we can get men enough to give the Shawnees all the fighting that they want."

Then the two slung the buck on a pole and started to the station known as Point Pleasant.

CHAPTER II.
THE SECRET FOE.

In the pleasant valley of the Scioto, near what is now the town of Chillicothe, stood the principal village of the great Shawnee nation—the Indian tribe that could bring ten thousand warriors into the field—deadly enemies of the pale-faced intruder.

All was bustle within the Indian village. To one used to the Indian customs, it would have been plain that the red-skins were preparing for the war-path.

The village was alive with warriors. Gayly-painted savages, decked with ocher and vermilion, strutted proudly up and down, eagerly waiting for the time to come when, like tigers, they could spring upon the pale-faces and red-den their weapons with the blood of their hated foes.

Over the village ruled the great chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, or, "The man-that-walks"—so termed, first, because he was reputed to be the fastest runner of any red braves in the Ohio valley, Shawnee, Wyandot, or Mingo; second, that, when a youth, on his first war-path against the Hurons, he had stolen by night into the midst of a Huron village, literally walked among the sleeping warriors, and brought back to his comrades the scalp of a great Huron chief, whom he had dispatched without alarming the sleepers—the greatest warrior in all the Shawnee nation—a chief wise in council, brave on the war-path, and wily as the red fox.

In the village of the red-men were two whose skins were white, though they were Indians at heart. The two were renegades from their country and their kin.

These two stood together by the river's bank, and idly watched the dancing and howling warriors. They were dressed in the Indian fashion, and were shrewd, powerful men in build.

The taller of the two, whose hair and eyes were dark, was called Simon Girty. At one time he had been reputed to be one of the best scouts on the border, but, for some reason, he had forsaken the settlements and found a home with the fierce red-men of the forest-wild, giving up home, country, friends, every thing. He had been adopted into the Indian tribe, and none of his red-skinned brothers seemed to bear as deadly a hatred to the whites as this renegade, Simon Girty.

His companion was not quite so tall, or as stoutly built. He was called David Kendrick, and was an adopted son of the Shawnees, as Girty was of the Wyandots.

"This is going to be a bloody business," said Girty, as he surveyed the yelling Indians, who were busy in the "scalp-dance."

"Yes, our chief, Ke-ne-ha-ha, has sworn to break the power of the whites along the Ohio. The braves are well provided with arms by the British Governor. Kentucky never saw such a force upon her border as this will be," replied the other.

"The more the better," said the renegade, Girty, moodily.

Then a howl of anguish rang through the Indian village. The braves stopped their sports to listen. They knew the signal well: it was the wail for the dead. It told that some Shawnee warrior had gone to the spirit-land.

The cry of anguish came from a party of braves entering the village from the south. In their midst they bore what seemed, to the eyes of the renegades, a human body.

The warriors deposited their burden before the door of the council lodge.

Attracted by the death-note, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnees, came from his lodge.

The chief was a splendid specimen of a man. He stood nearly six feet in height, and was as straight as an arrow. He was quite light in hue for an Indian, and his features were intelligent and finely cut.

Astonishment flashed from his eyes as he gazed upon the face of the dead Indian, around whom, at a respectful distance, were grouped the Shawnee warriors.

The chief recognized the features of the brave known as Little Crow, a stout warrior, and reputed to be one of the best fighting-men in all the Shawnee nation.

"Wah!" said the chief, in a tone that betrayed deep astonishment, "the soul of the Little Crow has gone to the spirit-land—he rests in Manitou's bosom. Let my braves speak—who has taken the life of the Shawnee warrior?"

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," replied one of the braves, a tall, muscular warrior, known as Wac-ca. "Little Crow went forth, last night, to hunt the deer in the woods of the Scioto. He was a great warrior; his arm was strong—his feet swift on the trail. He told his brothers that he would return before the spirit-lights (stars) died. He did not come. His brothers sought for him. By the banks of the Scioto they found him, but the hatchet of a foe had taken the life of the Little Crow."

Then the chief knelt by the side of the body and examined the wound in the head; the clot of blood marked the spot.

The head of the chief had been split open by a single blow, and that dealt by a giant's hand. The wound had apparently been made by a tomahawk, and, as the chief guessed, the dead man had been attacked suddenly, and from the rear.

"Did my warriors find no trail of the enemy who took the life of their brother?" asked the chief, still keeping his position by the body, and with a puzzled look upon his face.

"Wah!—the Shawnee braves have eyes—they are not blind, like owls in the light. When they found the Little Crow dead, they looked for the track of the foe. They found footprints by the body, but the trail came from nowhere and went nowhere."

"And the footprints—Indian or pale face?"

"Pale-face, but the moccasins of the red-man," answered the brave.

The brow of the chief grew dark. A white foe so near the village of the Shawnee, and so daring as to attack and kill one of the best warriors of the tribe, apparently without a struggle, must needs be looked after.

"My braves must hunt down the pale-face that wears the moccasin of the Indian and uses the tomahawk," said the chief, gravely.

Then Ke-ne-ha-ha drew aside the blanket that was wrapped around the body of the dead brave. A cry of horror broke from the lips of the great chief, and was re-echoed by the surrounding Indians when they gazed upon the naked breast of the dead warrior.

"The totem of the Wolf Demon!" exclaimed the chief.

The circle of friends gazed upon the mysterious mark in silent consternation. Their staring eyes and fear-stricken countenances showed plainly how deeply they were interested.

And what was the totem of the Wolf Demon?

On the naked breast of the brawny dead

chief were three slashes, apparently made by a knife, thus:

And the blood, congealing on the skin, formed a Red Arrow.

It was the totem of the Wolf Demon—the invisible and fatal scourge of the great Shawnee nation. Thus he marked his victims.

The chief arose with a troubled look upon his haughty face.

"Let my people sing the death-song, for a brave warrior has gone to the spirit-land. Ke-ne-ha-ha will seek the counsel of the Great Medicine Man, so that he may learn how to fight the Wolf Demon, who has stricken unto death the great braves of the Shawnee nation, and put the totem of the Red Arrow upon their breast."

Sorrowfully the warriors obeyed the words of the chief, and soon the sound of lamentation waivered out loud on the air, which, but a moment before, had resounded with the glad shouts of triumph.

Slowly and with knitted brows Ke-ne-ha-ha betook himself to the lodge of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.

The death of one of the principal warriors of his tribe by the dreaded hand of the Wolf Demon, almost within the very precincts of his village, and at the very moment when he was preparing to set out on his expedition against the whites, seemed like an omen of evil. A dark cloud descended upon his soul, despite all his efforts to remove it.

The two renegades had joined the circle around the dead Indian, and had listened to the story of how he met his death. Then, when the circle had broken up, they had slowly walked back again to their former position by the bank of the river.

A puzzled look was upon Girty's face. After they had resumed their former station, he spoke:

Dave, the words of the chief are a mystery to me, though the Indians seem to understand them well enough. What did he mean when he spoke of the Wolf Demon? and what did that mark of a Red Arrow, cut on the breast of the dead Indian, mean?"

"No; you forget that for the past six months I have been at upper Sandusky, with the Wyandots."

"Yes; and it is just about six months since the Wolf Demon first appeared."

"Explain," said Girty, unable to guess the mystery.

"I will. For the past six months some mysterious being has singled out the warriors of the Shawnee tribe for his victims. He always seems to take them by surprise; single warriors alone he attacks. And on the breast of those he kills he leaves, as his mark, three slashes with a knife forming a Red Arrow, like the one you saw on this fellow."

"But the name of the Wolf Demon?"

"I will explain. One Indian alone has lived to tell of an encounter with this mysterious slayer. He was only stunned, and recovered. He reported that he was attacked by a huge gray wolf, with a man's head—the face painted black and white. The wolf stood on its hind legs like a man, but in height far out-topping any human. He caught a glimpse of the monster as it struck him down with a tomahawk that the beast held in its paws. And that's the story of the Wolf Demon, who has killed some of the bravest warriors of the Shawnee nation."

"But what do you think it is?"

"I reckon it's the devil," said the renegade, solemnly.

CHAPTER III.
A TIMELY SHOT.

FROM one of the largest of the dwellings that composed the little frontier settlement of Point Pleasant came a young girl.

She was about sixteen, and was as pretty as one of the wild flowers that bloomed unseen amid the rocky ravines through which ran the tumultuous Kanawha.

Dark-brown hair rippled in wavy masses back from her olive-tinged brow, browned by exposure to the free winds of the wilderness, and the sunbeams that danced so merrily over the surface of the rolling river.

The bright color in the cheeks of the girl, her free step, that possessed all the grace and lightness of the bounding fawn, told of perfect health, as also did the sparkling brown eyes and rose-red lips that seemed to hold such dewy sweetness in their graceful curves.

The maiden was known as Virginia Treveling. She was the daughter of General Lemuel Treveling, a man who had great experience as an Indian-fighter on the Western border, and who had settled down in Point Pleasant, and was reputed to be by far the wealthiest man in all the country around.

So, by virtue of her father's wealth, as well as by the aid of her own beauty, Virginia Treveling was the belle of the station known as Point Pleasant.

Her right to the title was not disputed, and few envied her, for Virginia was as good as she was beautiful.

Many of the young men of Point Pleasant and of the neighboring stations had sought to gain the favor of the winsome maid, but to all she said, nay!

The man to whom the fair girl would freely give her heart had not yet met her eye; but Virginia was young—scarcely old enough to be wooed and won.

The maid was clad in simple homespun garments, the work of her own hands, for she was a true American girl, a daughter of the frontier, and looked not with favor upon the gaudy trappings of fashion.

The little tin pail that she carried in her hand told her mission.

The great blackberries were shining in huge purple clusters in the rocky passes that surrounded Point Pleasant, and, like the fortifications of the olden time, seemed to forbid approach.

With her light, graceful step, the girl passed through the village, and taking the trail that led to the south, along the bank of the stream, soon left the settlement behind.

There was little danger in this excursion into the deep woods, for the Indians were on the northern bank of the Ohio; and then, too, there had been peace between the settlements and their red neighbors for some time.

The girl followed the trail for about half a mile, then turning abruptly to the east, entered a little defile, where the blackberries grew thick and rank.

Picking the berries as she went slowly along, she soon lost sight of the trail leading from the town.

The maiden had not been gone from the path many minutes when the hoof-stroke of a horse rang out with a dull "thud" on the still air of the forest.

A horseman was approaching from the south. A traveler, probably, from Virginia.

Then the horseman came into sight. He was

a young man, dressed plainly in a homespun suit of blue. Upon his head he wore a broad-leaved felt hat, that shaded the sun from his eyes. A short German rifle, carrying a ball of forty to the pound, and richly ornamented on the stock with silver, was resting across his saddle in front of him. A keen-edged hunting-knife, the blade some eighteen inches in length, was thrust through the leather belt that girded in his waist.

The face of the young horseman was a frank and honest one. The full, steel-blue eyes showed plainly both courage and firmness. The handsome, resolute mouth confirmed this.

In figure, the rider was about the medium size, but his well-built, sinewy form gave promise of great muscular power.

The rider was named Harvey Winthrop. A descendant was he of one of the staunch old Puritan fathers. And now he was seeking his fortune in the far Western wilds, for the fickle goddess had not smiled upon the young man. A student at a foreign university, he had been hurriedly called home by the sickness of his father, his only parent. He arrived just in time to close that father's eyes. And when he came to settle up his parent's estate, instead of finding himself—as he had expected—the possessor of a goodly fortune, he discovered that some few hundred dollars was all in the world that he could call his own.

Young Harvey Winthrop, though, had the right stuff in his nature. Bidding his friends adieu, he set forth to make new ones, and to carve out for himself a fortune by the banks of the "Beautiful River"—the Ohio.

So it is that, on that pleasant summer's day, the young Bostonian found himself on the trail leading to Point Pleasant, and was fast approaching that station.

The settlement can not be far off now," he said, musing to himself as he rode along, and, rising in his stirrups, he strove with his gaze to penetrate through the mazes of the almost trackless forest before him.

Then, to the astonished ears of the young man came a woman's scream, evidently given under great alarm.

The traveler checked his horse and snatched the rifle from the saddle.

Again on the still air rang out the scream, shrilly, coupled with a cry for help. The cry came from the ravine on the right.

In a second he leaped from the saddle, and, rifle in hand, plunged into the ravine. His horse—a well-trained beast—remained motionless on the spot where his rider had left him.

The young man dashed up the steep ascent at break-neck speed.

The noise made by his steps fell upon the ears of the woman who uttered the scream. She knew that help was near.

A few steps more and the young man beheld a scene which nearly froze his blood with horror.

Fleeing down the ravine came a young girl—who, even at this moment of excitement, he noticed was beautiful, almost beyond expression; and behind her, in full pursuit, was a huge black bear.

The girl was Virginia Treveling. In her search for berries she had stumbled upon the bear, who was busily engaged feasting upon the luscious fruit.

But Bruin, in a twinkling, forsook the berries for the human.

Then from the lips of the girl came the shrill screams that had brought the traveler to her rescue.

The girl reached the young man.

"Keep on, Miss," he cried, quickly, "fly for your life! I'll keep the brute at bay."

Small time was there for conversation, for the bear, at his lumbering trot, was coming rapidly onward.

"He will kill you!" cried the terrified girl.

"Yes, and you, too, if you don't run," said the young man, coolly. "One life is enough; so save yours."

"I will not go!" exclaimed the girl. "Give me your powder-flask and a bullet. After you fire, if you miss him, I can load."

The hunter threw a glance of admiration at the heroic maid who seemed so cool at this moment of danger; but he did as she requested. Then, as the bear came on, he leveled his rifle at the brute, and sighting one of his eyes, fired. But the bear swerving in its course at the moment, the ball glanced across his bony head and shot off as if it had been but a boy's marble.

The bear paused for an instant, shook its head as if annoyed, then, with an angry growl, he came straight upon the young man.

Winthrop had handed his rifle to the girl, and, drawing his knife, awaited the onset. His only hope of escape was to close in with the animal, and stab him in some vital part before he could use the terrible claws and teeth.

The bear reared on its hind legs and prepared to seize the young man with open mouth.

Winthrop felt that the crisis had come.

The young man raised his knife to plunge it into the slagger breast before him, while, with eager but trembling hands, the girl reloaded the rifle.

But the sharp crack of a rifle came quick on the air.

Winthrop heard the "hiss" of a bullet that whirled past, close to his ear. Then, with a grunt of agony, the bear fell over on its side, clawed the air wildly for a moment—grewled in pain, and sank into the silence of death.

The rifle-ball which had passed so near to the ear of the young man had entered the body of the bear between the fore-legs and buried itself in the great red heart.

Winthrop could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the grimacing of the forest lying in death at his feet; when he saw the huge paws motionless that he had expected to feel tearing his own flesh.

He had been saved almost by a miracle.

A timely shot, and a good one, for an inch either way would have missed the heart of the bear or killed the young hunter.

Winthrop felt that both he and the beautiful girl had been saved by the shot of the, as yet, hidden friend.

The young man looked for his preserver. Judge of his astonishment when forth from the bushes that fringed the rocks, with a rifle in hand—a very forest queen—came a young girl!

(To be continued.)

A NEW HIT!

In this number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we give the commencement of

DICK DARLING.

The Pony Express-Rider.

A TALE OF THE OLD OVERLAND TRAIL.

BY LAUNCE POYNTEZ.

A brilliant, exciting and markedly original romance, introducing as actors some of the "quaintest customers" that our wild mining and frontier life produces; and embodying, as a story, many exceedingly delightful and thrilling elements of interest. The romance is a worthy companion-piece to the noted "Overland Kit," although wholly unlike it in story, character and adventure. It will prove very popular.

WHEN!

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

When weary cares aside are thrown,
And calm repose has conquered us,
To hold each one in dreams his own,
In which a spell has anchored us;
How many sit and weep alone
O'er grief which ne'er has canted us!

When at a revel banquet hall
Each heart has cast aside its woes,
And merriment holds it in thrall,
The cheering wine-cup overflows;
How many there we find that fall,
And could a wretched life disclose!

When true love springs in the breast,
And paints its dreamings all so bright,
That are among the life's most blest,
And eager hearts would stay their flight;
How many are there who oppress
By hate, weep tears thro' Sorrow's night!

When luxuries of life we taste,
And count our hoarded golden store,
On which so many joys are based—
We fear not want, but dream of more.
How many forms beneath illness waste,
And feel the world's delusions sore.

When Heaven's gates at last are open,
And saintly forms around it throng,
Who, all their lives, have longed and hoped
To enter there and join in song,
How many who earth's darkness groped,
In light eternal shall grow strong.

Ytol:
OR,
Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon.

A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART," "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEACH OF PEARS," "RESCUES THE HUSKAR," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.
SPIRITED AWAY.

"Oh, Love! where is the heart that knows not thee?" —MOXON.

"Farewell—and blessings on thy way
Where'er thou go'st." —MOXON.

"Tush—oh, Heaven! a moment more,
A breath, a step, and all is o'er!" —TUPPER.

JEROME bounded forward toward the point where the frightful face had peered round at them and startled them with its goblin look.

But when he reached the spot, there was nothing there.

He saw a dwarfish figure fleeing along the beach—saw it dimly, for the sun had gone down, and twilight had deepened nearly into night.

"Oh, Jerome!"

Ytol had gained his side, and clung tremblingly to his arm.

"Don't be frightened, Ytol."

"It was so horrible!" said the girl, shuddering.

"But harmless, I guess. See—there he goes; you can hardly discern him, it is so dark."

She would not look.

"Come," he added, "it's getting late. We'd better return to the hotel."

Gathering up the rug and the books, they left the retreat, and took their way slowly over the sands.

Ytol was silent. The deathly pallor was still in her features, and Jerome noticed that her whole frame quivered.

"Now, don't be alarmed," he said; "it was nothing, after all. Some uncouth fisherman, no doubt, not yet washed after a day's toil, who spied us by chance."

"No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known!"

"But," faltered Ytol, "I have seen that terrible face before."

"Very possible. We often see the same object a dozen times in the course of a life; that's not uncommon. Don't worry over it."

He spoke playfully, and laughed at the affair, trying to banish the fears which he perceived, preyed upon her.

His efforts were vain. A strange, clammy sensation crept into her heart, a chilly foreboding was upon her, perceptible, though she tried to hide her condition.

"Think no more of it, Ytol"—seriously. "You are too timid."

"Jerome, there's something dreadful about to happen, I know—"

"Tshaw!"

"Feel it, Jerome; I can't shake it off. The face of that man—if it was a man—is not new to me. I have seen it before—and it was in some wild tableau of confusion, a scene in which I am almost sure, I also saw this ocean. It must have been many, many years ago, so far back that my head aches when I strive to remember. Oh! if I could only recall—"

"There, there," laughed Jerome; "it's a clear case of momentary insanity. You'll put me in a shiver, presently, with this talk of 'graves and worms and epitaphs.'"

Quit, in mercy. I feel already as if I had slimy eels crawling down my back."

They were approaching the hotel porch, where an unusual throng moved busily to and fro.

"By Jove!—excuse my exclamation—we've lost our supper, Ytol. A hop to-night. You must hurry to your room, and 'fix up'—so must I. Remember, you are mine for the whole evening, by promise of two days ago."

Ytol retired to prepare for the hop. She was in a poor humor for the occasion; her heart was heavy, and her head ached. But she had promised Jerome her society, and must not disappoint him.

Bella was dancing about the room, en disshabille, in a high state of excitement.

At last! she exclaimed, breathlessly, when Ytol entered. "I think I'll put you and Jerome in a bag, and tie a string round it. I've got so much to do, I don't know where to begin—and you've been a-courting with your lover, while I'm on pins waiting for you. Ytol, you're a goner! Save me a piece of the wedding-cake, and I'll be godmother to the first heir! But hurry up!—we haven't a minute. You fix my hair, Ytol, and I'll fix yours. I wear a red rose in my bosom, to-night, for a signal. Hal! hal! hal! Jolly! A love-sick cavalier with a Napoleonic moustache—smitten to death. I suppose you'll monopolize Jerome, of course. Poor Jerome; he's got it bad! When's the marriage? Quick, Ytol—I'm perfectly crazy for a dance!"

The music was sounding in the long hall, and the fashionable were assembled en masse—numbers from the other hotels and vicinity; all aglitter, aglow, astir, in a brilliant gathering to the revelries of Tpersichore.

But our interest does not lie in the ball-room. About half-past eleven, when the bursts of pleasure and raptures of flirtation were at their height, Jerome drew Ytol away from the whirling scene, and led her out to the broad lawn.

They were alone in the stillness of the night, where none could see nor hear, and the melodies of music reached faintly to their ears.

"Ytol," he said, with a calmness that was strangely impressive, "I want to speak to you once more upon the subject of our conversation this afternoon, on the beach."

He paused. The hand that rested in his arm began to tremble; but her lips were closed.

A STORY.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

The old manor-house seemed to frown in the night, and the moonlight, so ghostly and pale, threw out their deep shadows as if in fright. And the wind gave a desolate wail.

In her chamber aloft in the lonely old tower, Fair Ethel sat pale as one dead.

For a while from that night, at the very same hour, She should marry—her guardian had said.

Old Simpkins, the banker, had asked for her hand To give to young Roger, his son.

"I'll join our estates—'tis a fine piece of land," Said her guardian, "his well—count it done."

But the old heads in plotting her thought of young Harry.

And so, in the sequel you'll find, Two hearts bound together in prison of love Are a match for a dozen combined.

On the river, that ran by her father's estate, Harry blew—pilot brought down the mill, And Ethel, to see him, each day as he passed, On the river stood without fail.

At first 'twas the papers, and then a bouquet, That he brought from the town up above; Then a letter, and long ere a twelvemonth had passed, They had both of them fallen in love.

So, when Ethel heard of her terrible fate, She went to the dock in the morn, And Harry was frightened to see his dear mate Sit weeping alone, all forlorn.

She told him her story; he stamped both his feet; Then a bright, happy guardian he knew, For he jumped up and said: "Ethel, mine, meet me here."

When he turned up the mail from below.

"Be ready to travel; and, Ethel, my dear, You may as well wait until you know, For trouble, for, if your old guardian should hear, Be sure he'll not be far behind!"

So a week passed away and all was prepared, And the guests were awaiting the bride; And Harry stood there by her side.

The time came and passed; no Ethel came down; Young Roger looked nervously round; And old Simpkins wondered, the guests looked surprised, And her guardian muttered and frownd.

When a servant came in with a pale, frightened face, And said, "Miss Ethel, to-night With a bundle of clothes, and she's now on the dock, And the mail-boat is coming in sight."

"Bring my horse," cried the guardian, "and mine," said the son.

"She shall not get away from us so; 'Tis only a mile from the river to here, We can beat the old mail-boat, I know."

"And then, Mister Sator, look out for yourself, For a cheer from the hands on the way," Quoth the guardian; "We'll catch him, and, Roger, my boy, He'll rue it for many a day."

But Harry looked back and saw them approach, And then in the air there was a shout; A rocket, and up from the deck of the boat Rose another, of crimson and green.

Said Harry, "They see us; now let them come on! The boys with the boat will be first, For they're coming along at a terrible rate; Now, Ethel, prepare for the worst."

The rivers come thundering down o'er the hill, And have now but a half-mile to run, But the boat's at the dock, she stops—she has gone—They're aboard, and the wild race is won!

A curse from the guardian, a yell from the son, And a cheer from the hands on the way, And Harry and Ethel, high up on the deck, Are the happiest couple afloat!

Says Harry, "My friends, there's a parson aboard, I engaged him below at the town, So we'll have a fine wedding, the captain, I know, Will see that the thing's done up brown."

In a neat little cot on the mossy hillside, With the beautiful river in view, Live Harry and Ethel, now happy and free; Long live to lovers so true!

A Wife's Cure.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Married, eh? well, Phil, I must give vent to my candid opinion and say I think you are a fool."

"Indeed, you're mistaken! Just wait until you see my wife before you express yourself. Why, Tom, she's one—no, she's the very nicest, prettiest little woman that ever you saw."

Mr. Philip Graham, the husband of three months, looked down on his bachelor friend with an expression of supremest pity.

"Oh, doubtless," returned Tom Anderson. "And I suppose she don't lead you by the nose, or anything?"

How innocently he asked that question; how wistfully the young husband fired up!

"Tom, don't insult her! As if my dainty little Clara would undertake to guide me, or dictate to me in any of my affairs! No, indeed, Tom Anderson, Mrs. Graham understands too thoroughly the duties and requirements of a wife to attempt such unwelcome proceedings."

"And, of course, Mr. Philip Graham is so perfect a husband that he thoroughly understands all the little delightful deceptions that can be practiced on these trusting wives? I tell you what it is, Phil, I don't admire these nifty, gammy women who daren't object when their lords smoke in the parlor, or—"

"But Clara's not that sort, either. I tell you, come home to dinner with me and see for yourself. I've sent home a pair of chickens for a roast. You like that?"

"I'd like to see Mrs. Phil better. Yes, I'll drop in the office again about five, and run up with you."

At exactly six that evening Tom Anderson sat opposite "Mrs. Phil," politely staring at the vision of loveliness, grace and piquancy, she presented.

She was a fair-haired little woman, with dark violet eyes, and statuesque cheeks; and she had enhanced all this fairy-like sweetness of hers by wearing a light-blue silk dress, trimmed with dark-blue; lace collar and cuffs, scarce whiter than her throat and hands.

And Tom tried his best to hide his admiration, fearful lest Phil should, in a burst of triumph, step on his pet corn under the table.

"Clara, I have to run down to New Mills to-morrow on urgent business. I may be obliged to stay till the day but one after, so just throw a couple of shirts and handkerchiefs in my valise, will you, dear?"

Tom instantly noted the shadow that flitted across her face.

"Again, Phil? I had an idea that New Mills was not much of a place for business. I'll see to the valise."

Then they got to talking, and Mrs. Graham gracefully excused herself, while the gentlemen drank their champagne and smoked.

"You see, Tom, I told you it was all right, whatever I said, bless her sweet face! I'm going down for a night off to-morrow; there's a ball to be held at the new depot at New Mills, and almost all the railway officials of this division of the Erie will attend."

"But why not take Mrs. Phil?"

Phil shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Oh, well, you see, Tom, a fellow don't want to be found tied to a—"

"To 'the nicest, prettiest, sweetest little woman that ever lived,' eh?"

Graham blushed a little.

"That's so, but—"

"Let me finish it for you, Phil. It's a shame to call a shadow to that sweet face of your wife. She's a loving, trusting little creature, Phil, and I think you give her a worse heartache than you imagine."

"Go on; I'm not of a jealous disposition."

"No; you know what I mean. Take my

advice, and either stay at home or take Clara with you."

Just then Clara came in.

"I've laid out your things, ready for to-morrow. Don't stay longer than you can help, will you, Phil?"

"Drive me over to the new depot."

It was a splendid-looking little lady, with jet-black hair and riel brunette skin, with which the dark-blue eyes contrasted beautifully.

"All right, Miss—"

The Jehu paused inquiringly.

"That's of no consequence, only I'm Miss Milford, and want you to drive me over to the ball-room in the depot just as quick as you can."

The bonny little lady leaned back against the leather cushions and laughed to herself all the way.

"It's the most blessed piece of luck that it's a mask ball; and won't I give him one lesson, thanks to Mr. Anderson?"

By which remark it may be perceived that Clara Graham was on her husband's track, with a dyed complexion and hair to aid her.

She adjusted her mask in the dressing-room, and went boldly in.

Fortune was on her side, for five minutes later, she recognized Phil, in evening dress and a mask that barely covered his face; but then he hadn't expected to meet any one who would know him, even if it were off.

Clara had been dancing with a fierce-looking brigand chief, to whom she pointed her husband out.

Who is that stylish gentleman yonder, leaning beside that pillar? Couldn't he be introduced? I do admire him so much."

The handsome brigand wished his little silver-starred, ebon-robed Night were as enthusiastic over him, but he answered with a very good grace:

"That? I believe it is Conductor Graham, of 45. I've no doubt he'll be greatly delighted to make the charming acquaintance of Miss—"

Jehu-like, he paused for an answer.

"Oh! Miss Milford."

And five minutes later Phil was bowing deeply before the petite lady, thanking her for her condescending kindness. Such a flirtation as that was! Clara leaned so confidently against him, and Phil squeezed her hand so tenderly, and then implored her to dance with him the rest of the evening.

"But I'm afraid I wouldn't do," she laughed. "Your sweetheart—or wife, if you have one, might seriously object, you know."

She spoke so carelessly, but Phil started.

"Bless you, my Queen of Night, I'm not troubled with the latter appendage! As regards the former—why—why—I think I have had one since you came in the room."

"Wicked fellow! but then, he wasn't anything but a man, and they don't often hesitate at such things!"

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I hope you're not so foolish as that! Why, you don't know who I am, or what I look like."

"I'll risk 'em both," said he, gallantly. "Such a figure and arm only could belong with a perfect face. Besides, I always did admire brunettes; the style is so different from my—sister's."

He nearly caught himself, and that mythical "sister" almost choked Clara to death.

"If I only might have a tress of that lovely hair, Miss Milford—or a sponge off your dress, or a glove—something to remind me of the exquisite bliss of to-night."

"You shall, certainly, if I may claim something in return."

Ah, that was a little awkward! Just suppose whatever he gave this little charmer should, by some horrid fatality, get back to his wife?

But this same little charmer must not be ill-used after her fresh, sweet confidences.

"There's not much a gentleman wears that would be acceptable to a lady, Miss Milford—suppose I give you a pass on the road for a quarter?"

She laughed merrily.

"That's very matter-of-fact, isn't it? Well, I'll accept it. Give me your knife and I'll cut off a curl."

And so Clara's curl—her dyed curl—was transferred to her husband's pocket-book, and inside her glove was slipped the free pass for Miss Milford between New Mills and New York.

Breakfast was just on the table the next morning when Phil Graham came in, pale and tired-looking—very unlike golden-haired, lily-skinned Clara, who was gravely pouring her cup of chocolate.

"Oh, Phil, dear, I'm so glad you're home so soon! Poor fellow! You look awfully jaded! You have been working too hard while you're gone."

She kissed him, and then he sat down in his easy-chair.

"Just give me some chocolate, Clara; I'm late for my train up, I'm afraid."

He drew out his pocket-book to get the key to wind his watch, and clinging to it came the black curl.

"Why, Phil, where on earth did you get that?"

Clara made a dive and snatched it from him. "It ain't mine, you know. Buckley, up at the New Mills, sent it down by me to have it made into a chain for him."

"Oh! said Clara, sweetly. "That reminds me," she said, comely, and she handed her husband Miss Milford's pass.

He took it carelessly, looked once—started, blushed, then stared at Clara.

The tears were in her eyes, and her lips were quivering.

"Oh, Phil," she said, and leaned down on last night? It nearly broke my heart."

But Phil sat and frowned and stared, utterly discomfited. "What does it mean, anyhow?" he asked.

"I went to New Mills, dear, too. I am Miss Milford; I gave you that hair. Shall I wash off the dye? Oh, Phil, I'll forgive you if you'll never do it again!"

And our work for it, Conductor Philip Graham never did do it again!

The Man from Texas:

OR,

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS.

A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

CHAPTER XXX.

JIM CROW.

ALL four of the outlaws started at the sound. "It's all right!" exclaimed Ozark; "it's that young imp. He's got something to say, or he wouldn't come at this time. I'll go for him in the dug-out."

The outlaw left the shanty, and his confederates soon heard the light dip of his paddle in the waters of the dark lagoon.

Within five minutes Ozark was back again, accompanied by a light "yellow boy," about fifteen years old, with curly hair, and an expression of low cunning upon his irregular, evil-looking features.

"Hollo, Jim Crow!" exclaimed Fayette, as the mulatto stepped within the circle of light; "what brings you here?"

It was the grandson of old Uncle Snow who had entered the abode of the outlaw.

"I came arter you, Massa Fayette," the boy replied with a grin. "I see you and Massa Foxcroft dere wile down the street 'bout nine o'evening, an' I spected dat we was gwine to come to dis yere place to see Massa Ozark."

"What do you want?" Fayette asked, totally unable to guess the boy's purpose in seeking him in the swamp at such an hour.

"Does you know dat Massa Texas, General Smith's overseer?" the boy asked.

All were astonished at this question, and even King Congo pricked up his ears to listen.

"Yes, of course I know him; what of it?" Fayette demanded.

"He come to see my granfader to-night. I was up stairs jes' gwine fur to sleep when he come in. I heerd him tell de ole man dat he had somethin' ticular to say to him dat he didn't want nobody fur to hear; so when de ole man come up, I made out dat I was fas' asleep, an' I jes' heerd de 'hole on it. Dere was a yaller nigger named Jupiter an' he left a tin box full of somethin' wid de ole man for dis yere Massa Texas fur to come and git, an' he's gwine to guve de ole man a hundred dollar fur it; an' it's somethin' to do wid a gemmen dat was killed in de war-time afore de Yanks come, an' de overseer, Massa Texas, an' my ole man is gwine arter de box de furst 'ting in de mornin', afore de sun am up."

Fayette and Ozark had exchanged glances when he had spoken of a man being killed, but neither Foxcroft nor Congo, intent on the boy's story, had noticed the evident understanding.

"Where is the box concealed?" Fayette asked.

"In de ole cabin on de Mulberry creek road, right on de edge ob de swamp," Jim Crow answered.

"I know the place!" exclaimed Ozark; "I've slept there a hundred times."

"Yes, I know where it is situated, too; I have noticed it when I have been riding by on the road," Fayette said, abstractedly, evidently lost in reflection. Then he raised his head and addressed the boy. "Did you hear them say where about in the cabin the box was hidden?"

"No, sar."

"We kin find it easy 'nough!" asserted the outlaw. "Thar ain't nothing to the cabin but four walls, a mud-floor an' part of a roof."

"I thought maybe dat dere might be somethin' to look after it," said Fayette. "I suppose, Foxcroft, that you don't care to tramp five or six miles in the swamp?" The fat stock-keeper fairly shuddered at the idea.

"Bless me, no!" he cried. "It is quite bad enough to tramp out here, without trying my luck any further in the swamp. I always contrive to step into some cursed mud-hole that I never discover until I am up to my knees in water. And then, to-night, I came within an inch of treading on a black snake that looked as big round as my arm."

"Nuffin but a common black snake; they don't bite," Ozark said.

"How de deuce was I to know?" exclaimed Foxcroft, sharply; "I didn't stop to ask him whether he'd bite or not; I couldn't have jumped any higher if it had been a rattlesnake, or a moccasin; and when I came down, I lost my balance and went over flat on my back in a nest of brambles that nearly tore me all to pieces. I repeat what I said when I came here before: I am not coming here again if I can help myself."

"We'll try and arrange that all right," Fayette remarked. "You can go back to town, while Ozark and I will proceed to the cabin, and search for the tin box."

"Yes; Jim Crow here can guide me through the swamp; I should never find my way alone," Foxcroft said. "Of course if there are any valuables in the box, I depend upon you to give me a fair share."

Fayette and Ozark exchanged a meaning glance again.

"Certainly," Fayette said.

"Of course," Ozark added; "and if you ain't satisfied, maybe I'll throw in some of my share, too," and then the outlaw withdrew in a howl of laughter, much to the surprise of Foxcroft, who didn't see any thing funny in the observation; but he was too well used to the peculiar moods of the ruffian to question him.

"Oh, no," he answered; "I shall be perfectly satisfied with my own share without robbing you."

Ozark ferried over Foxcroft and Jim Crow and returned for Fayette, leaving King Congo in solitary possession of the swamp lair, there to nurse his bruises and meditate dire vengeance upon the strong-armed Man from Texas.

Concealing the dug-out amid the brush that fringed the lagoon, Ozark and Fayette proceeded in a north-west direction through the swamp.

Foxcroft and Jim Crow had gone off toward the landing, leading to the south-west.

Ozark led the way; he had the entire faculty of seeing in the dark, and Fayette followed close behind, treading, Indian fashion, in his footsteps.

"How far is it?" asked Fayette.

"'Bout two miles,"

"I thought it couldn't be much further. I said five, though, to frighten off Foxcroft. I knew that he would never stand a tramp like that. You think that we can discover the box?"

"I reckon we kin. I've got a chunk of fat-wood that we kin light with a match. I think I know whar it's hid. The last time I bunked in thar, I noticed a hole in one of the logs near a corner of the cabin, jes' as if a big grub had bored it out. I reckon that it was a human, though."

"I say, Ozark, what do you suppose that tin box contains?" asked Fayette, abruptly.

"A bill of sale of a horse, or something of that kind, with your name and mine scratched on the back of it," Ozark suggested.

"You think, then, that the overseer, Texas, is the son of—"

"And Fayette hesitated.

"Of that Texan drover that you an' me knew in sixty-three," said Ozark, bluntly, finishing the speech of the other.

"He does look like him," Fayette observed.

"I noticed the resemblance the moment I set eyes on the cuss that night, in Gol Adair's cabin; an' when I heered him tell whar he fetched

him hyer, I reckoned that thar was trouble ahead."

Very few more words passed between the two until they emerged from the swamp and stood in the moonlight before the deserted cabin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

AFTER leaving old Uncle Snow's shanty the overseer proceeded straight to the plantation. The moon was now rising slowly, and lighted up his homeward way.

"To-morrow de paper will be in my hands," Texas thought, as he strode onward with vigorous steps, "and then I shall be able to close the account, perhaps. There's no telling, though, but that the party whose name I shall find traced in characters of blood, is dead or gone far away from here. Speculation now is only idle guess-work. In the morning, an hour after sunrise, I shall know the truth."

It did not take the overseer very long with his lengthy legs to get over the distance between Uncle Snow's cabin and the plantation.

Not a living soul did he meet along the road, and as he came up the carriage-way leading to the house, he saw the light coming from the window of General Smith's library, which proved that the owner of the plantation had not yet retired to rest.

The library was on the first floor, and, with his eyes fixed upon the lighted window as he advanced, Texas did not notice the white-robed figure keeping its vigil at the window on the second story.

Missouri watched and waited for the return of the overseer.

She saw him come up the avenue, heard him enter the house and ascend the stairs to his room, then heard the noise of the door as he closed it behind him, and after that, silence reigned supreme.

Missouri, sitting in a low rocking-chair by the open window, resting her head upon her hand, gazed out dreamily upon the rising moon and reflected.

That the thoughts of the girl were not very pleasant was evident from the slight frown that arched her brows and shut the lips so tightly together.

"Where has he been, I wonder?" she murmured, tapping her slippers with her foot, petulantly upon the floor. "He went toward the landing, I am sure. I wonder if he went to see some girl?" And then, the frown upon her face deepened, and the full, red under lip was compressed spitefully between the little white teeth. "It's no business of mine, I suppose, but I would like to know though."

Then she rose to her feet and walked up and down the room for a few minutes with a restless, impatient motion.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "I suppose that I had better go to bed. I wish that I had never seen this fellow; he scares me dreadfully, and he's only an overseer too. I wish that Will Fayette or some other gentleman had been riding out that morning to pull me out of the river. This fellow, too, doesn't seem to understand that it is quite a condescension for me to treat him as politely as I do; he doesn't seem to notice it at all. If I was as black as the ace of spades instead of being a pretty girl, as every one says I am, he couldn't take less notice of me."

Then Missouri walked to the swinging glass of the bureau; the rays of the rising moon, growing stronger and brighter each minute, shone into the apartment and gave light enough to enable the girl to see her face in the glass.

"I'm not so ugly, I know!" she mused. "I wonder if this is the best way to wear my hair?" she murmured, in a way that plainly betrayed profound thought, and resting both elbows on the bureau she gazed pensively into the glass for a few minutes, while she pondered over the important question.

Then, with a sudden motion, she raised her hands and removed the hair-pins, allowed the magnificent jet-black tresses to stream down over her shoulders.

"That is the way I looked when—" then the girl paused and blushed up to her temples; she was annoyed that one subject ran ever in her thoughts. "What a goose I am!" she exclaimed, petulantly. "I really believe that I am bewitched. I can think of nothing but of being pulled out of the water by this fellow. I wish that he had let me staid where I was. I'd better go to bed."

And with this abrupt declaration, Missouri proceeded at once to disrobe. But, even when attired for slumber, and kneeling in prayer by the bedside, the image of the red-coated overseer would come to her despite her determination not to think of him.

Missouri's slumbers, that night, were light and broken. With the first shrill crow of trumpet-tongued chanticleer, the herald of the coming morn, the girl awoke. Turning over restlessly on her side, she endeavored to compose herself to sleep again, and, just as she had closed her eyes with intent to woo the presence of balmy slumber, the opening of a door followed by the cautious tread of a man's footsteps, caught her attention. She sat bolt upright in bed and listened for a moment. Her ears had not deceived her; she heard the step of the overseer.

"Why, it is not yet light," she murmured; "where can he be going at this hour?"

To jump up and wrap a loose robe around her was but the work of a second; then she sprung to the window, her little white feet pattering almost noiselessly upon the floor-matting.

She heard the stairs creak under the descending tread; heard the man unlock the front door—the key of the massive old-fashioned lock always shrieked as if in torture when it turned in the wards—and then descend the steps, and watched him as in the dull gray light—almost as thick as the gloom of the night, he walked down the carriage-way toward the main road.

Missouri watched him until he was out of sight. Great was the wonder in the young girl's mind. No sleep for her that morning. She dressed herself, and a hundred times she put the mental question, "What does it mean?"

The overseer proceeded straight down to the road, and at the junction of the private way with the main one, he found old Uncle Snow waiting for him.

"Good-mornin', sar," said the negro, touching his hat politely. "Ise on time you see, sar."

"Yes; I'm a little later than I intended," Texas replied; "let's paddle ahead at once."

Onward the two went, at a pretty brisk pace. The old negro was a good walker, despite his age.

Just as the streaks of light were beginning to line the eastern skies, the two came in sight of the deserted cabin by the borders of the swamp.

"Dar she am!" exclaimed the black, pointing to the house.

"I never thought to bring a light," Texas said.

"I did, sar," Uncle Snow said; "Ise got de end ov a candle an' some matches in my pocket."

The two entered the old ruin. The negro lighted the bit of candle, then went to the north-west corner of the cabin.

"Here it am, sar," he said, getting down on his knees and examining the lower log.

Texas bent over him. He noticed a small cavity in the log, but it did not seem to be over an inch deep.

"Is that it?" he asked, pointing to the hollow in the log.

"No, sar," the negro answered; "dat is only fur to mark de place whar de box is, in case we done forgot it."

Then the negro dug his nails into the bark of the log about three inches from the hollow spot, and pulled up a piece of bark about four inches long by two wide, which revealed a little cavity underneath, in which reposed a tin tobacco-box.

The manner in which the hiding-place had been arranged was simple enough. A piece of bark had been carefully cut out, the cavity dug out underneath, and then the bark had been returned to its former place and firmly pressed down.

"Dar she am, safe and sound!" exclaimed the old negro, in triumph.

"Now, Uncle Snow, before I open the box I'll write my full name on this card," and Texas took a card and pencil from his pocket and scribbled a name on it. "In the box we'll find a paper, and when you read it you'll see that it belongs to me."

"All right, sar."

Then Texas took the box from its hiding-place and opened it, while the old negro looked on with eyes widely distended.

A cry of surprise came from both of the two. The box only contained a few little scraps of torn paper, evidently the remains of a letter, and from the whiteness of the paper it was clear that it had not been in the box for any length of time.

"Fore de Lord!" exclaimed the negro, in wonder, "some one has been hyer afore us!"

"Yes, it looks like it," Texas said, dryly.

"Massa Texas, I hope I may die blessed min' to if I eber touch de ting," the old negro said, solemnly. The thought had occurred to him that perhaps the overseer would imagine he had tampered with the box.

"That's all right, Uncle Snow, as far as you're concerned," Texas said, thoughtfully; "but some one evidently has been at it. These scraps of paper don't amount to much, but whoever left them in the box has got possession of the paper that was originally hidden there. He's a blind idiot, whoever he may be; evidently his idea was that, when the box was found, the scraps of paper would lead to the belief that they were the remains of the original document; but they may serve as a clue for me to find out who has rifled the box."

Then Texas closed up the box and put it in his pocket.

"I say, Massa Texas!" exclaimed the negro, suddenly, "s'pose you look outside; maybe you mought find some tracks fur to tell you who's bin hyer."

Texas shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know about that," he said; "we tramped in without any caution, and it will be difficult to distinguish other footmarks—if there be any—from our own. But I'll look, though."

The search was fruitless, even in the rapidly strengthening light of the morning.

"It's no use," Texas declared; "we might as well make tracks for home. We're clean beat, in this game."

The two proceeded to retrace their steps, each vainly speculating as to who had discovered the hiding place of the box.

At the plantation, Texas parted with the negro, with a caution not to mention any thing about the affair to any one.

Old Uncle Snow trudged down the road toward the town.

"Fore de Lord, I tought dat dis yere ole nigger was gwine to git dat hundred dollars, fur sure!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

STUMPING THE SQUIRREL.

Down on a fallen tree-trunk, close to the ferry over the Catfish, sat Gol Adair, Lieutenant Winnie and Dutch Pete.

The three were only a yard or so from the hollow tree known far and wide as "Gol Adair's Bank," wherein, through the knot-hole in the trunk, the passers over the ferry deposited their fare.

Doubt and wonder were on the faces of the trio.

On Gol Adair's knee sat the squirrel who acted as paying teller of the bank.

Even the squirrel seemed bewildered and downcast.

Gol Adair was lecturing the little animal with upraised forefinger, while Winnie and Pete looked on in silence.

A wonderful event had occurred. For the first time, Gol Adair's "bank" had "suspended," and refused to honor his demand.

The squirrel had descended as usual after the twenty-five-cent fare that Texas had told Gol he had deposited in the knot-hole before passing over the flat-boat ferry with Missouri, on the morning he had rescued her from the close embrace of the yellow Arkansas, and the squirrel had come up out of the tree with "nary stamp," as Gol had expressed it.

The little animal had evidently "gone back" on his master. It was apparent that the squirrel was beginning to get the idea in his head that he was cashier instead of paying teller, and had a right to run the bank as he "darned pleased."

"Look a-hyer now, nimble-legs; this ain't agwine to work!" exclaimed Gol, who had made up his mind to reason seriously with his bright-eyed, bushy-tailed servant. "It's played out now, fur sure; I know that thar's a deposit of twenty-five cents in that yere bank, an' it ain't no use fur you to dive down an' then come back an' report that thar ain't nary red thar. I know better, I tell yer!"

"Perhaps some one else has been here and got it out," suggested Winnie.

"Tain't possible!" Gol exclaimed; "it can't be did!" And then a sudden idea struck him. "By hooker!" he cried, "s'pose some no-souled critter has bin trainin' another squirrel on a knot-hole bank?"

"That would be a joke!" said Winnie, laughing.

"If that's so, my institution is busted," Gol remarked, very seriously. "This hyer bank will never stand two a-drawin' on't. I'll either hev to sell out or shoot the other critter."

"Did Texas tell you that he had put the ferrage in the tree?" Winnie asked.

"If he didn't, I dreamed it," Gol replied, dubiously.

Texas put in. They use a good deal of gold and silver where he came from, even now," said Winnie. "I remember, too, I heard coins jingle in his pocket as he sat down that night in your cabin."

"I reckon you're right, an' you don't get nary dollar out of this chile on a sure thing," Gol replied.

"S'pose you drop 'nother quarter in and make squirrel fetch—how's dat?" Pete asked, for the first time taking part in the conversation.

"I s'wore, that is a good idee!" the old hunter exclaimed. "Now, Pete, you don't say much, but when you do talk, it's chunks of solid wisdom. G'ra us your quarter, an' Gol stuck out his hand to the German, winking at Winnie as he did so."

"Nig, me no got so mooch," Pete said, with a sly face.

Winnie laughed outright. "Euchered!" he exclaimed; "old man, you can't get Pete's quarter on deposit in that bank!"

"What in thunder is the use of making a motion if he can't carry it out?" demanded Gol, with a comical grin.

"I've got a big penny in my pocket," said Winnie. "That will do for the moment."

"Oh, go a silver quarter, lieutenant, an' kinder encourage the little critter," Gol said, with a sober face.

"No, the cent is just as good," Winnie replied. "I don't care to take any more stock in your bank than I can help."

The young soldier rose to his feet and tossed the penny in through the hole in the tree.

Then the squirrel was dispatched on his mission, but, after a minute or two, he came out of the hole empty-handed.

"That's it, by thunder!" cried Gol; "he's been trained on stamps, an' don't understand that silver an' copper air valuables. I see that I will have to commence his education over again, or else get another squirrel an' train him on silver."

Then Pete rose suddenly to his feet and cast his rifle into the hollow of his arm. All three of the men were aroused, as they had been after ducks down the river that morning.

"Good-by; me comes back soon," the German said.

"Whar yer bound?" demanded Gol.

"Walk!" was the lad's laconic reply.

"Down to see Tilda, eh?"

"Maybe."

"Wal, look out for that ring-tailed wild-cat, Yell Ozark; he's squintin' arter Tilda herself," said Gol, warningly.

"Me look; not afraid if he was der tuyvel," Pete returned, as he walked off down the river.

"That boy's clear grit from his head to his big toe!" Gol ejaculated, in admiration, after Pete had got out of hearing. "I would feel a mighty sight easier 'bout him, though, if that pesky varmint, Yell Ozark, was run out of the country."

"I don't think that he'll be around much longer," Winnie said. "General Smith told me when I was in Little Rock, about a week ago, that he was going to send a squad after Ozark very soon, with orders not to return until they got him."

"I don't hanker after blood much, but a wild beast like Ozark ain't fit to live," Gol said, gravely.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

OLD AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE LOST LOG-BOOK.

No common pirates, then; no mere crew of mutinous sailors, have carried off Carmen Montijo, and Inez Alvarez. It has been done by Francisco De Lara, and Faustino Calderon. For though they discover no evidence of the latter having been aboard the barque, it is deducible, leaving no doubt. With a scheme like that in prospect, such conspirators were not likely to part.

Now cognizant of the whole plan, with its particulars, the young officers stand gazing in one another's faces, both showing an expression of the most piteous wretchedness. The new discovery has increased it. It was painful to think of their sweethearts being the sport of robbers. But they would rather than know them in the power of De Lara and Calderon. From what they remember of these two men, the poor girls are doomed to a cruel treatment—to ruin.

"Yes; it is all clear," says Crozier, after a pause. "That may have influenced the others who shipped as their confederates, but with them the scheme has been more comprehensive, a motive different as devilish. I see it all now."

"Do you know, Ned, I half suspected it from the first. You remember what I said as we were leaving San Francisco. After what happened between us and the two scoundrels, I had my fears about our dear girls being left in the same place with them. Still, who'd have ever thought of their following them aboard ship? Above all with Blew there, and after his promise to protect them. I remember his saying he'd lay down his life to shield them."

"He swore it—to me he swore it. It's hard to believe he has broken his oath. But from what Don Gregorio says he must have done it, and leagued with the other eleven. It appears there was that number, besides Blew. Of the four who spoke Spanish, two no doubt were De Lara and Calderon, the others their confederates who lay in wait for us that night. Oh! that they had succeeded in their intent. I could wish they had killed me!"

"Dear Ned, don't talk so despairingly. I admit things have a black look, but they may brighten. I have got a sort of belief they will. What do you propose doing after we get to Panama? If we find the frigate there, we'll be obliged to join her."

"Obliged! There's no obligation for a man reckless as I—as this misery makes me. Unless Captain Bracebridge consents to assist us in the search we contemplate, I shall go alone."

"No, Crozier; not alone, there's one that'll be with you."

"Of course, Will, I know I can count on you. What I mean is if Bracebridge won't help us with the frigate, I'll charter a vessel myself, engage a crew, and search every foot of the American coast, till I find where they've put ashore. I tell you, Cad, I love Carmen Montijo better than my life. And when a man feels that way he may do much. I have money at my command—a large fortune—and I shall spend it all to punish these pirates. If it must be, I shall leave the service. My commission may go to the deuce."

"And mine, I'm with you in any way. What a pity we can't tell the place where they put in. They must have been near land to take an open boat."

"In sight of—close to it. I've questioned Don Gregorio. He knows that much, and but little more. The poor gentleman is almost as badly beside himself as the skipper. A wonder he's not insane, too. He says they had sighted land

that morning; the first since leaving California. The captain told them they would reach Panama in about two days after. As the boat was being rowed away he saw her through the stern windows. She appeared to make for some land not far off, lit up by a clear moonlight. That's all I can get out of him."

"The old negro can tell no better story?"

"I've questioned him, too. He's equally sure of their having been close to the coast; but what part he has no idea, any more than the outrages. However, he states a particular fact, which is more satisfactory. A short while before they laid hold of him he was looking over the side, and saw a strangely shaped hill or mountain. He describes it as being two tops. The moon was between them, and that was why he took notice of it. That's the sum and substance of his topographical knowledge. Limited though it be, I like it the best. That double-headed hill may some day stand us in stead."

"If the skipper had kept his senses, he could have told us all about it. He must have known where he was when the barque was abandoned. His going crazy at this time is enough to make one think the very Fates were against us. But I say, Ned, we've never thought of looking at the log-book! It ought to throw some light on the thing."

"It ought, and doubtless would, if we only had it. You're mistaken in saying we've never thought of it; I have; and been looking for it all the time you were taking your nap. It's gone; and Heaven knows what's become of it. They may have thrown it overboard before leaving; though what good that would do them I can't see. The cook says it used to lie on a little shelf in the companion-way. The captain always kept it there. I've looked there and everywhere else, but no log-book. As you say, it's enough to make us believe the Fates are against us. If so, we shall never reach Panama, much less live to—"

"Look!" exclaims Cadwallader, interrupting the lugubrious speech of his comrade. "See those brutes! What's that there knocking about? By Jove, I believe it's the log-book!"

These brutes are the Myas monkeys, that, away in the waist, are tossing something between them; certainly a large book bound in rough leather. They have mutilated the binding, and with teeth and claws are tearing out the leaves, as each tries to take it from the other.

"Is it must be!" responds Crozier; and both officers rush off to rescue it.

They succeed; but not without difficulty, and a free handling of handspikes, almost bruising the apes, before they relinquish it. The book is at length recovered, though in a very ruinous condition. But, fortunately, with all the written leaves untorn.

Turning to the last of these, there is found an entry, evidently the last made: "LAT. 7° 20' N. LONG. 82° 12' W. LIGHT BREEZE."

"Good!" exclaims Crozier, rushing back to the quarter-deck, and bending over the chart; "with this and the double-headed hill we may yet get upon the track of the denrobbers! Cad, old boy, there's something in this. I have a presentiment that things are taking a turn, and the Fates will yet be for us."

"God grant they may!"

"Ah!" sighs Crozier, "if we had but ten men aboard the barque, or even six, I'd never think of going on to Panama, but sail straight for the island of Coiba. For the chart shows that the land they sighted must have been either that or Nicaron, that lies on its south-west side. With a 'light breeze' they could not have made much way afterward, and, running for Panama, the high land seen at night should be Punta Marieta. They've put in somewhere along the coast of Veragua; and there we'll come upon their traces. Great God! What wouldn't I give for ten true fellows! A thousand pounds apiece. I only wish the cutter's crew had been left along with us."

"Never fear, Ned; we'll get them again, or as good. Old Bracebridge won't fail us, I'm sure. He's a dear, good-hearted soul; and when he hears the tale we've to tell, it'll be all right. If he can't come along with the frigate, he'll allow us enough men to man the barque—and enough to make short work with the pirate crew, if we can once get face to face with them. I only wish we were in Panama."

"I'd rather we were off Coiba, or on shore beside the ruffians."

"Not as we are now, three against twelve; for though there's six of us, three can't be counted."

"I don't care for that; I'd give ten thousand dollars to be in their midst—even alone."

"You'll never be there alone. Where you go I go. We have a common cause, and shall stand or fall together."

"Yal, it is all clear," God bless you, Cadwallader! I feel you're worthy of the friendship I've placed in you. Now, let's talk no more about it, but bend on all the sail we can, run on to Panama, after that we'll steer for the island of Coiba."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE ANSWERED CALL.

THREE days have elapsed and the Condor is still standing on an easterly course. Several of her torn sails have been patched, or replaced by others, so as to hold wind; and she now makes way at the rate of seven knots an hour.

Grunnet is at the wheel, though not always there. The two young officers have been steering turn and turn with him; and the old negro having recovered strength, is able to take a "trick," too.

Don Gregorio is also convalescing, and occasionally comes on deck.

Alas! for poor Lantana; he is still beside himself, but tenderly cared for by the others.

Ever since the night of that terrible storm they have been favored by fair winds and a calm sea, such as gives its name to the Pacific.

And now, on the morning of the fourth day, a fresh breeze bears them on in the course they desire to run. They are heading straight for the Bay of Panama, with the hope of soon entering it.

The two young officers are by the capstan, having the chart spread upon its head, the lieutenant looking at it.

After consulting it a while, he turns to the midshipman, saying:

"We're lucky in having this wind. If it keeps in the same quarter for another twenty-four hours, we ought to sight land. And if this map may be depended on, it should be the promontory north side Panama Bay. I hope the chart's correct. 'Punta Malo,' as its name imports, is likely not a very nice place to make mistakes about. If we should run too close to it with this west wind—"

"Steamer to nor'ard!" cries a rough voice, interrupting him.

It is Grunnet who gives the information. The young officers, turning with a start, see the same. Crozier, laying hold of a telescope, raises it to his eye, while he holds it there, saying:

"You're right, coxswain; it is a steamer, and standing this way. She'll run across our bows. Up helm, and set the barque's head straight for her. That's our best way."

Grunnet obeys the order, and by the necessary number of turns of the wheel, brings the

Condor's head in position till she heads to meet the steamer. The two officers, with the negro assisting, board tacks and sheets and trim sails for the changed course.

Soon the two vessels steered in opposite directions, and lessen the distance between. And as they mutually make approach, each speculates on the character of the other. They on board the barque have little difficulty in deciding upon that of the steamer. At a glance they have seen she is not a war-ship, but a passenger packet; and as there are no others in that part of the Pacific Ocean, she can only be one of the "liners," lately established between San Francisco and Panama.

They are sure of this, and equally certain she is coming down from the former port, her destination the latter.

Not so easy for those aboard the steamship to make out the character of the craft, that has turned up in their track, standing straight toward them. They see a barque, polacca-masted, with some sails set, and others hanging in shreds from her yards. This of itself would be enough to excite curiosity; but there is something besides, a flag reversed flying at her mast-head—the ensign of Chili.

Mattering not what its nationality; enough that they know it to be a signal of distress appealing to their sympathy.

Responding to the appeal, the commander of the steamship, on coming near, orders her engines to reverse action, till the huge Leviathan, lame coming at the rate of twelve knots to the hour, gradually lessens speed, and at length lies motionless upon the surface of the sea.

Simultaneously the barque being "ho, ho," her sails cease propelling her, and she also drifts, less than a cable's length between the two.

From the steamer the hail comes:

"Barque ahoy. What barque is that?"

"The Condor—Valparaiso—in distress!"

"Send a boat aboard!"

"Not strength enough to man it."

"Wait, then; we'll tow you."

In less than five minutes time one of the quarter-boats of the liner is lowered down, and a crew leaps into it. Pulling off from her side, it soon touches that of the vessel in distress; but not for its crew to board her; Crozier has already traced out his course of action. Slipping down into the steamer's boat, he requests her crew to row him to their ship, which they do without questioning. The uniform which he wears appeals to the respect to command.

Stepping on board the steamship, he sees that she is what he has taken her for: a packet from San Francisco—on route to Panama. She is crowded with passengers, at least a thousand standing upon her decks. They of all qualities and kinds, all colors and nationalities. Most of them California gold-diggers returning to their homes, some successful, and consequently cheerful, others downcast and disappointed.

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamship, along with his officers; then to the passengers. For to them he makes appeal, not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to go with him in pursuit of the pirate crew that abandoned her.

He makes known his position, and power to reward; both indorsed by the commander of the steamship, who by chance can answer for his credentials.

They are not needed. Nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among the stalwart men who return from California, even the raggedest, are many who are heroes, true Paladins, despite their common attire. And amidst their rags, pistols and knives ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, coupled with the appeal he makes, twenty men spring forward in response to it. Not for the reward offered, but as volunteers in the cause of humanity and justice. He could select twice, or thrice the number. But deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the Condor. The two vessels then part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

HORRID CRAVINGS.

THE pirates are still upon the isle, where by misadventure they made landing.

Far different their appearance from that when they stepped ashore with their plunder and captives.

In truth they were scarce recognizable as the same men. Then in full strength of body, and swaggering confidence of spirit, their tongues given to the wind, they looked like sleeky men, stalking about silently and with subdued mien. Some do not stalk at all, but sit languidly on points of projecting rock, or lie stretch along the earth; not for resting or pleasure, but from sheer inability to stand erect.

Famine has made its imprint on their faces; hunger and thirst long endured, and still torturing them. The dread insignia of starvation can be read in sunken eyes and traced on their hollow cheeks.

Not strange that it can. For ten days they have tasted no food save shell-fish, and the rank flesh of predatory birds, both in scant supply. And no drink excepting some rain-drops caught in the boat-sails spread for the purpose, or wrung from their shirts.

For ten days they have kept vigil, without seeing sign of human life save their own. A tarpaulin-rigged oar and boat-hook, placed upon the highest point of the isle, has failed to catch the eye of any one on the main shore. Or if seen, the signal has been disregarded. And no vessel has passed coastwise within sight.

Explored on every point, the sterile rock offered nothing fit for the construction of a raft—not a stalk bigger than a bean-pole.

The first fears have been realized. They seem as far from all chance of being rescued, as if cast away on a coral reef in the middle of the ocean.

Repentant are the pirates now, doleful as they dwell on their future. Willingly would they recall the past, and if they could, undo their wicked deeds. Gladly would they restore the gold—too glad, could they but think that from whom they took it still lived.

Alas! it can not be. Their victims left aboard the barque must have long since ceased to breathe. In the sea's bed they are now sleeping their last sleep, released from all earthly cares; and they who have so unceremoniously sent them to their rest may now almost envy them. Many of them do. In their hour of agony, and thirst within their throats scorches like a consuming fire, they care little for life, some rather desiring death.

Boastful or obedient, all are alike humbled now. Even Gomez no longer affects to be their leader, and the savage brute Padillo is tamed if not softened to true gentleness.

By a sort of tacit consent, Harry Blew has come to be the controlling spirit, and has been having evinced more humanity than the rest. For now that adversity is on them, their better natures are brought out, and the least hardened

among them have returned to the tenderness of childhood.

The change has been of singular consequence to their captives. These are no longer restrained, but set free to go and come when it pleases them. No longer need they fear injury. Even insult is not offered. No rudeness either of speech or feature. On the contrary, they are treated with studied respect, almost with deference.

Harry Blew, apparently the first to feel this sentiment toward them, has directed it until all the others seem alike inspired with it.

The best of the food—had at best—has been apportioned to them, as also the largest share of the caught rain-water. Enough of both to sustain strength; and they have in turn become as administering angels—tender nurses to the very men who have made misery of their lives.

Thus has it been for days; till the night of the ninth; when a heavy rain-fall, filling the boat's sail, has enabled them to replenish the beaker, with all the other vessels brought ashore.

On the morning of the tenth day some change is observable in the conduct of the starving crew. No longer athirst, the kindred appetite has become keener, absorbing every thought—every instinct of their souls. It looks wolf-like out of eyes sunken in their sockets, and is seen in their glances as they regard one another. In the eyes of some there is an expression more than fiendish; for it is the cold, calculating gaze of cannibalism.

It has come to this, though no one has spoken of it. It is as yet only in their thoughts. But as hour after hour passes, it is taking tangible shape, and threatens soon to become the subject of speech—perhaps action.

One or two show it most; Padillo most of all. In his glance the unnatural craving is plainly recognizable—plain as his eyes follow the fair forms moving gently in their midst. There can be no mistaking his look. It is the stare of the anthropophagist!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

The Creole Wife:

OR, THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DEBT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTECTOR," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COMPLETELY VINDICATED.

"HAVE you made any discovery, Grandison?"

"Not the slightest. It is one of those affairs we stumble upon perhaps once in a lifetime, to which there seems not the slightest clue. Even the knife found beside the murdered man in the roadway was proved to be his own. God help all who, Dorchester, if Etoile is ever caught, I sent for Huff almost before Darcy Casselworth was cold after death really came to him; he was at hand before a move was made on the other side. He saw every thing, heard every thing, himself unsuspected, and he came to me on the day the murdered man was buried. He came to say if his work was to put his finger upon the murderers, he was prepared to do so at a moment's notice; he was in my pay, obeying my instructions in simply gathering such information as was possible, and in honor bound to follow my private behest. That was his way of putting it, but he knows I am in possession of some secret derogations of his that would scarcely bear the light; against which the petty reward offered by the authorities would not be a straw's weight since he was sure of as much from me. And he declared that there could be no solution but the one; that the unknown woman found upon the spot—I couldn't give him the whole truth of her story, you know—that she was undoubtedly the murderer. Think of all the dark facts looming up against her! If I did not know her innocence in my own heart, Dorchester, I should think with them all; if any other woman than Etoile had stood in her place, I should have believed her guilty. Heaven forgive me! I might even have believed it of her, but she looked into my eyes with her truthful ones and solemnly avowed her innocence, and in all her life Etoile never lied."

The stock-broker's naturally pale face was haggard and ghastly with his strong emotions. The two men were met in his city apartments on the same day which witnessed the events of the previous chapter. Dorchester had just come up from Cassel; the stock-broker had been in the city since the funeral of a week before. He went on:

"I have blamed Elmer Casselworth for his past weakness, for his injustice to her, for his pitiful yielding to his cousin's guidance, but for this credulity, this belief of his that she is branded with the crime of striking that blow—even I do not blame him for that. Do you know what I would have done in his place, knowing how she had been wronged, how she had suffered, believing her guilt as he does, yet weakly loving her in his heart through all? Had she been my wife, a thousand lives like Darcy Casselworth's should not stand between us; such black, treacherous blood as his might have run in a river and I would have bridged it over to take her in my arms, to repay the nobility of her lasting, unwavering truth, by the strength and generosity of my love through whatever trials might come. Surely it was no unpardonable sin to rid the earth of such a villain; he struck at more than life—a true woman's soul, a noble wife's honor. He betrayed the most confiding friendship, the deepest trust, and his fate was just retribution overtaking him. If it rested with me simply and I had the power, I doubt if word or look of mine would bring his murderer to justice."

"Except for Etoile's sake. I did not suppose you would feel it like this, although I have thought sometimes—"

The speaker broke off his words, but his eyes, darkening with compassionate sympathy, expressed his comprehension of the other's weakness. Grandison dropped his forehead into his clasped hands with a weary sigh.

"You thought rightly, my boy; but my weakness, my presumption, is not a growth of your knowledge. It began when she was a girl just budding into the sweetest womanhood on the old Southern plantation, and I was a stripling in Victor Dupree's employ. It was checked then, but it grew into life again during these years of her suffering. It is all over now; the truest, most unselfish love will die out of its own hopelessness, and mine died when I learned how her heart had clung, through all, to the weak husband who had cast her off. There, not a word! My weaknesses of this sort are not frequent and would not bear even your sympathy. Tell me anything you may have gathered regarding this desperate case. If she could only be persuaded to leave that place! I have not had one easy moment since leaving Cassel, but she would lose no time in restoring her husband's money supposed to have been lost with the rest. It is all done at last, but I have had terrible fears for her safety."

"You have had reason for them. The man Huff whom you employed in the private detec-

tive line was bought over by Gilbert Casselworth." The broker lifted his haggard face. "It is probable the fellow understood the case better than you intended he should; at least he gained an inkling of the scheme which worked defeat to Darcy Casselworth; I suppose that gave him the idea of betraying it to the murdered man's son. Etoile's identity was discovered, too, and the true story pieced together with tolerable accuracy. My man discovered that."

"I did not tell even you that there was a second detective upon the ground; one of the unerring sleuth-hounds of justice, who would faithfully follow a clue, and having found it, follow on with a persistency which never swerves aside. This one, Griffith, heard of the murder, obtained leave and came down on his own account with no other inducement than his devotion to his business and the comparatively small reward the county offers, which will doubtless be doubled by the State authorities. I found him out through his sounding me, suspected him rather, and he had his reasons for admitting me into confidence. Professional eyes are sharp ones, and he saw that my suspicious were rather strongly founded. I suspected from the first, though in a vague and prejudiced way, Mrs. Leland."

"Mrs. Leland?"

"It was a prejudiced suspicion at first, as I said—one which I would not have breathed without some surer grounds of belief that I was not doing her the deepest injustice. She was so strangely agitated that night while she sat by Darcy Casselworth's death-bed, strongly moved and strongly repressing her emotion. Women like her seldom feel very deeply and are generally ostentatiously demonstrative in their grief. The knowledge that she had been leagued with him in that evil work of eight years ago, and her confession of the relation they had borne at the very last, impressed me. There was an inconsistency, too, in her statement of their existing engagement and her late conduct. The very day before she had drawn the master of the Homestead to the verge of a proposal; we had that from Etoile, you remember. Then the knife found beside the murdered man was his own. Gilbert Casselworth, at the inquest, testified to having seen it on his father's table during the afternoon, and Mrs. Leland called at his rooms before evening. It was assumed that the murdered man had been felled by some other blow; the knife which dealt the death-stroke was secured by the assassin, that it had been left purposely as a means of complicating traces. But to my knowledge that knife was not in his possession when he left the hotel, a few hours before. Not one of the servants in the house could recall having seen Mrs. Leland between her return from her drive, when Mr. Casselworth accompanied her, and the moment when the maid answered the bell after he had been brought back to the house; then she had changed her carriage dress, not for her usual dinner costume, but for a negligee she was not known to have donned at that hour through her previous stay at the Homestead. These last facts Griffith elicited after becoming aware of my suspicions. That was the beginning, and from the hour she left the Homestead Mrs. Leland has been under constant surveillance. Much has been found to strengthen the suspicion formed against her, little in the way of real proof or evidence. She is in quiet lodgings in this city, seldom going out, and then in the evenings and closely veiled; she avoided her intention upon leaving the Homestead of going to New York direct. She is wonderfully broken and nervous since this short time she sleeps little, eats little, and is startled at any interruption. Acting, in fact, like a woman stricken with remorse and terror, just as one of her superficial nature would be stricken after committing such a crime, for it is a cowardly nature at the bottom. Griffith is quite convinced of her guilt. He came back to Cassel, last night, to review the ground and to sound his rival in the field, Huff. The latter has his weakness in his liking for ardent spirits, and under the influence, boasted of having hunted his prey to earth and of soon claiming the reward lying at his feet. He is now in no better state of mind than the option of his present employer, since his researches have proved the fact that Gilbert Casselworth is no better than a beggar, without means of his own to pay the sum stipulated in the miserable tool."

"I did not wish to unnecessarily alarm Etoile, so wrote a short note to Miss Casselworth which will assure her, and took the morning train here. She must be saved, and Griffith is back, prepared to cause Mrs. Leland's arrest."

"I don't wish to be mixed with the workings of the law, Grandison, but I have helped hunt for the murderer, and I shall not shrink from the affair on to the end. At the close of an hour I was to meet Griffith prepared for his duty. Will you come and see the painful scene out? It will be painful, and from my reading

been before me in his thoughts all that time! If he stood before me this moment alive, I should do the same, the same, the same again!" She repeated it in that hollow whisper fiercely and rapidly, her fingers locking and unlocking in that quick, nervous way, intense passion darkening the sadly ravaged face, then began her restless walk again.

"I am not sorry for it; if ever taunting provocation and deep injury were justification for a dark deed, mine was justified. If ever man's filth and cruel heartlessness merited punishment, his did. But the horror of being haunted by that face, the terror and dread hanging over me, the fascination which held me here when I should be putting the width of half the world between that spot and me, the visions which rise up whenever I close my eyes in the night—these are never sleep—they will all drive me mad yet! They are only the beginning of the end, and how long until then—how long—how long?"

Was it an answer, that short, sharp rap at the door? She gave a great start with a half-shriek breaking upon her lips, and her breath coming in labored gasps. The knock was repeated and she recalled some of her old bravado as she crossed to turn the key, for her door was kept always locked these days.

"The newboy, of course," she whispered, self-assuringly. "It is his hour, and he always starts me." She started again and slunk away as the door swung back to disclose three men grouped in the narrow passage. They advanced into the room, closing the door again, and in the two pauses by it she recognized Grandison and Dorchester. The third approached her as she stood speechlessly awaiting what she knew was to come.

"Madame, it is my painful duty to arrest you upon the grave charge of murder. In the name of the law you are my prisoner."

Her burning, startled eyes glanced at the three grave faces.

"Murder—prisoner!" she echoed, in her hollow, whispering voice. "It has come then at last!"

How these ten days of mental torture had broken her that she should make no show of resistance! The spirit of cool effrontery which had advanced her schemes and carried her in triumph through many a trying scene before this had completely deserted her now. Dorchester stepped forward, his heart almost failing him in that moment, shocked inexpressibly at the terrible change in her.

"Before this officer carries his duty into effect, Mrs. Leland, if you have any thing to say to us as friends, I pledge my word that the confidence shall not be used against you hereafter. You need not fear to leave her alone with a little while, Griffith."

The detective, with a quiet nod, went out, standing guard outside the door.

"Sit down, Mrs. Leland," she sunk into the chair he placed for her without a word. "Let me tell you plainly what we hope from you, what you may wish when you know all. The part you took in Darcy Casselworth's scheme of eight years ago was all discovered. It was you as the false Countess Barcelli who succeeded in effecting the divorce of Elmer Casselworth from his wife. We know all that and much of this late fearful tragedy and the events preceding it, the causes which could prompt the crime with which you are charged. We do not ask any part of a confession to be used in estimating you; we do ask an explanation of which may clear the long misunderstoodings of a loving and suffering pair, which may close their estrangement, and reflect the light of one act of just atonement done by you. I think you already know Etiole Dupree never died—that she lives to-day, and but for this late tragedy would be reconciled to husband and child. We are here as her devoted friends; as friends to you in any way we may be able to serve you now, as well."

"Friends," she repeated, her despairing eyes fixed upon him. "Friends! I never had one friend in all my life. What is it you want of me, as friends?"

Her weary, hopeless tones filled him with a pity he had not imagined he could feel for her. Hardened, guilty, blood-stained creature that she might be, she was a woman, one that the world had used always hardly, and in the strength of his young, generous manhood, his heart reproached him for being the one to bring suspicion and discovery upon her. A thought of Etiole brought back his nerve.

"As friends to her before all, Mrs. Leland. In aiding you anyway we may without sacrificing duty or endangering her—the woman you wronged and for whom we ask this act of justice as the simple atonement for her long suffering. The man who was her husband believes her guilty of this dark crime of which you are accused. Will you, to wipe out his unjust suspicion, write—not a confession of your guilt; we will leave time and proper evidence to prove or disprove that—but your positive knowledge of her innocence? I pledge you that should you reach my eyes but his, should he use for no purpose but to vindicate her in his sight. Will you do this, Mrs. Leland?"

She did not answer immediately. Her gaze had fallen away from him to the floor. She was more collected than she had been, with more of her power of reasoning regained than she had commanded, except for brief intervals, for hours perhaps even days before this. She had been in that state when a great, ever-present haunting dread and terror, turns the mind in the last balance between reason and the roving insanity of fear and remorse.

"I am charged with the murder," she said, in the same apathetic way, looking up at last. "How much is known of it?—why have they suspected me?"

"You have been under surveillance since the moment you quitted the Homestead, and your manner of action alone would attach the gravest suspicion to you. The strongest link of evidence which can be brought to bear perhaps is that the knife you took from Darcy Casselworth's table that afternoon when you called at his apartments in the Cassel House, which can be proved as out of his possession when he left there, was the same which struck the murderous blows—which was found blood-stained and buried in the sand beside him. The detective may have ferreted out stronger links yet; I am not in his confidence regarding his later knowledge. You know best what chance you stand, Mrs. Leland. Innocence may be assured in its hope of vindication; guilt never fails in bringing its own punishment."

"You are right—perhaps," she had started a little at that mention of the knife. "I am almost glad to give up the battle. It has worn upon me terribly as you can see. I killed him. It is a relief to tell you quietly in this way; I have shrieked it to myself so often, it has seemed sometimes that the very people in the streets must hear me. I killed him, and if that day was to be lived over again with the other events as they all occurred, I would do the same again and feel that I had no more than wiped out his bitter, taunting, maddening words. He had injured me basely once; he had broken every vow of honor and loyalty man can make, but I could not forgive him all that had been true at the last. He only paid the penalty of his own broken vows and base hypocrisy, but from that moment my hell on

earth began. I have felt that it would come to this, and I am scarcely sorry that it has. If you will get pen and ink, I have none here, you shall write out my confession for me."

Her hard vindictiveness, cherished through the deep anguish of mental suffering it was apparent she had passed through, gave Dorchester a shocked thrill. Grandison, grown hard in his turn against the hardness of the world, was in no way affected by it.

"A full confession, Mrs. Leland?" It was the younger man speaking still. "Let me prove that I really meant the good will I expressed. We only ask for the statement of Etiole Dupree, innocence, and only for the purpose I named. You have a right to the advice of counsel before taking any steps in regard to the—the—crime."

"You shall write out the confession as I give it, word for word, and you can do what you please with it afterward," she answered, stolidly.

"I have writing materials; I am never without them," Grandison said, seating himself by a little table near her. "Turn that shade to give me a little more light, Carroll. I will take down your confession, Mrs. Leland."

It was a long one, comprising her life history as the reader has gleaned it from the foregoing chapters. One pitiful in its moral depravity, its utter lack of woman's finer sentiment, of all generosity and nobler impulse. The one abiding faith to which she had clung, the single loyalty she had ever owned, her love for Darcy Casselworth, which, had he been a different man, might have proved her redemption, had been her ruin instead.

Once Griffith came to the door, which Dorchester opened, but a word and a comprehensive glance within satisfied him. It was all written out, signed and witnessed at last. Mrs. Leland rose then, steady and calm as either of them.

"I suppose I am to go with the officer," she said. "Call him in if you like." As Griffith entered she crossed the floor to an opposite door, swinging it open. "This is my bedroom; you can see for yourself there is no other outlet. Give me five minutes to prepare myself; I will not detain you longer."

She shut herself in there, and the three men waited in the adjoining room. Grandison dried the last page of the manuscript, folded and sealed it in a secure packet, marking its nature upon the cover. The five minutes passed, and five more were added before any one moved. The detective turned himself restlessly then, glancing suspiciously at the closed door. No remark was made, however, and another five minutes perhaps dragged slowly away. Griffith started up then with an impatient ejaculation.

"How quiet she is," Dorchester said, apprehensively. "Do you suppose she could have fainted in there?"

"We'll soon see," the detective answered, unhesitatingly, knocking sharply at the communicating door. No response from within. He tried the knob, but the door was locked on the other side. He turned a flushed, excited face toward Grandison.

"Quick, put your shoulder to the door with mine; something is wrong in there. By my soul, I believe she's given me the slip."

The stock-broker complied, and in a moment more the hinges gave way, the door fell back. Mrs. Leland was there on her knees by the bedside, her face buried in the covering. Griffith was at her side in one instant, lifting the bowed head by main force, then fell back with a disappointed out. It was a woman's dead, disappointed face he had upturned. Dorchester uttered a shocked exclamation, but Grandison said nothing. He thought:

"It is only what I expected."

He stooped to secure a little vial fallen at her side, turned it to the light, and dropped it again with two words:

"Prussic acid!"

A carriage rolled swiftly over the level sunlit road from the Cassel station, and was checked before the Homestead gates. The grounds were deserted; there was no stir anywhere about the house to give token of the life within.

There was a darkened room within the mansion—the same from which the dead body of the schemer, who had caused such bitter suffering, had been carried forth but little more than a week before. It had another occupant now, a motionless, death-like form, but with life lingering in it still; with life to be possibly granted for years to come, but just now the balance hung evenly poised. Audrey was walking the corridor without silently, her young, fair face wearing a grave, careworn look, which it is said to see on such.

Gilbert Casselworth had been brought back to the Homestead, more dead than alive. The result of that mad pursuit had been fractured bones and internal injuries, the dangerous nature of which could not be definitely ascertained. Every care was bestowed upon him; the physician had scarcely left his side, and now, that his experienced eye detected symptoms of his return to consciousness, the entire household was impressed with a heavy anxiety until the turn of the crisis could be known. Such a deep gloom had rested upon the place; the whole neighborhood had been electrified within the last twenty-four hours by that story, spreading like wildfire, which the man Huff had unearthed.

He had been at the head of the party sent out to Wilbank Commons for the arrest of the woman calling herself Mrs. Carroll. They had found the place empty of any except the neat, elderly woman, who either could not or would not give any information of her mistress's course. Later, when the rumor of Gilbert Casselworth's accident spread, Huff disregarded all the instructions he had received before, making the story of Etiole's escape from the fate generally supposed to have been hers known, and openly accusing her of being the murderess of her enemy. The man had yielded to his besetting habit after his baffled mission and fallen into his cups, which accounted for the indiscretion that could result in no good to him.

The rumor of this had reached the Homestead, adding to the gloom already weighing so oppressively. Audrey was feeling it keenly as she slowly walked the long, silent corridor. There was a movement in the door of the sick-room and the physician came out; she paused to hear his decision.

"He will live," said the professional man. "But I think he will never entirely recover from the effects of his fall. He will be an invalid and probably a cripple to the end of his days."

If any resentment had been lingering with Audrey, it died out then.

"Poor Gilbert!" she thought, as she went down the black polished stairway. "It is a hard fate for him; Heaven knows best if a deserved one. It looks like Heaven's justice meted out to those enemies of my mother; it only needs her final vindication to prove it so, and that is sure to come yet."

Coming surely at last, and very close at hand in that moment. A half-dozen forward steps and she caught sight of the two figures that had left the carriage and advanced over the lawn unobserved until now. With a choking, inarticulate cry, she flew out down the broad, white flight of marble steps.

"Mamma, you indeed? And with that

peaceful face. Oh, mamma! is it true—peace at last?"

"At last my own. I have come at last for my vindication, and to ask you of your father for a little time."

"Dear mother, he has relented at last—after all his holding out against his own heart's love for you. When I told him what frightful danger threatened you, of how narrow your escape had been, he broke down at last. His bitter indignation that others should think you guilty swept away his own belief of it. Come and see for yourself, darling mamma."

She drew her mother into the library door, and, pushing it open, lingered for a moment. Her father, sitting idle in one of those great leather chairs, rose up with a tremulous eagerness, which was incredulity for one moment, and then he went down upon his knees before the beautiful, saddened woman his injustice had so deeply wronged.

"Etiole, oh, Etiole! forgive me!"

Audrey closed the door softly, going back to the spot where Dorchester Dupree (let us give him the name he had taken up again), the faithful, loving friend of her mother through those sorrowful years, still stood.

"They will be reconciled," she said, happy tears in her soft, dark eyes. "Don't judge my father harshly in your unswerving strength. He has been a weak man, but he was always a loving one, and I do believe the coming years of his life will testify to all his latent nobility aroused. And you who have been so true to her, how can I express my gratitude to you?"

Looking down, an irresistible impulse came over him.

"By telling me when you can, that the love they will no longer need so much may be my reward—my dearest earthly hope and blessing. I have loved you since I saw your pictured child-face first. May I hope a return for that long devotion, the first and only love of my life?"

He had it, not then, but months later, after Elmer Casselworth, re-united to his bride of seventeen years before, returned from the trans-Atlantic trip, their second wedding tour.

Audrey, with two happy years added to her life, grown lovely as her best promise had fore-shadowed, proved the depth of the lasting love which had strengthened during their separation, by willingly yielding the reward that the boy, dreaming over the pictured girl-face, had first coveted.

The modern mansion was re-opened, and the Casselworths—husband and wife—were happier there than ever in the earlier years of their first wedded life.

There is a fair, broad plantation redeemed to its former prosperous state, and a new handsome residence upon it where a young bride has been welcomed. But they are a loving, close-knit family, parents and children, so the winter never fails to see Mr. and Mrs. Casselworth in that pleasant Southern home, and the summer brings the younger people for some portion of it to the Homestead, and as the elders are urged to a permanent home will probably be established there.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Lariston are domiciled at Glenmere, happy and loving in being congenially married, and Lora is still Audrey's cherished friend.

Gilbert is abroad, an invalid and a cripple, a miserable misanthrope who will never be reconciled to the hard fate which came upon him like a speedy retribution.

Clement Artrell tasted the bitter dregs of the cup in learning all he had lost with Audrey, but he was spared the worst consequence of his folly. Miss Feversham jilted him at the last moment, and with scarcely a sigh for the near relation to the Senatorial honors fading from his hold, he had not a regret for the loss of the black-eyed lady who had given him a share of her capricious fancy until a more eligible party appeared in the field.

THE END.

The Old Well.

AN INCIDENT OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY MARCO O. ROLFE.

A SMALL cabin stood in the center of a well-cultivated clearing, several acres in extent—a cabin of logs, built after the rude style of the western pioneer, but a pretty, home-like place withal, with thick masses of morning-glory vines twining in and out and trailing gracefully over the small open windows and around the doorway, through which the golden sunlight fell in a broad, warm strip across the white-sanded floor. At a little distance from the door a couple of horses were tied, awaiting impatiently the appearance of their riders.

Within John Barton and his good wife were busily engaged, with the assistance of their pretty brown-eyed daughter, Nellie, making preparations to visit some friends at their prairie home, twenty miles away to the westward.

They were to return the following day; and Nellie was to remain at home to attend to the household duties—but not alone unprotected. Her father had a colored boy, who helped him to till his small claim, and Jim Barry, a young pioneer, who was one day to call on Nellie "wife," had volunteered, not reluctantly, we may be sure, to fill the place of the settler as nearly as might be during his absence. And with such protectors, Nellie felt confident that all would be as secure as when her father was at home, well knowing that they would be no mean defenders of the cabin in case of an attack by the Indians, for which the sturdy frontiersmen were ever on the watch.

With a parting admonition to the lovers to keep their wits about them and to close and bar the heavy oaken door and shutters as soon as it should begin to grow dark, Mr. and Mrs. Barton rode out of sight in the forest that surrounded the clearing.

Left alone, Nellie and Jim sat down on a little rustic sofa and soon became so deeply interested in each other that they heeded not the passing time until the hoarse cry of the owl and the mournful wail of the whippoorwill admonished them that night was gathering its shadows over the earth.

"We had better close the shutters and bar the door now, had we not?" asked Nellie, at last.

"I reckon there's no danger," returned Jim. "It isn't very dark yet, and, besides, you promised to walk with me down by the spring at the edge of the wood."

There was a dissenting look on Nellie's face which Jim promptly drove away by adding:

"It will be entirely safe. We can leave Tom on guard during our absence—and we need be gone but a few moments."

It was not very dark yet, and there could be no great danger incurred by complying with Jim's request, so Nellie called to the black boy in the adjoining room.

Obedient with alacrity, he came out and sat down on the threshold, watching the lovers walk slowly across the clearing to the wood beyond till they disappeared amid the shrubbery that surrounded the spring.

"Well, now," he soliloquized, half inaudibly, "pears as how Missy Nellie and Marse Jim thinks a good deal of each other. Speaks as how 'twill make a match some of these days."

But dey's worthy of each other—and I shan't 'pose 'em."

Having given expression to this magnanimous determination, he paused to take breath. Then, in a startled way, "Kj, now! what's that?"

Half rising to his feet, he listened intently. The noise was repeated. It was the sound of some one stepping cautiously about the other apartment. He arose, and going quickly to the door between the two rooms, peered into the dusky gloom pervading the one adjoining. But seeing nothing to augment his suspicions, he was about to return to his post in the doorway, when he was roughly seized from behind, and before he could cry out or offer any resistance, he received a stunning blow on the back of the head and rolled over on the floor in an insensible condition.

Then three dark powerful forms sought concealment in as many places within the cabin, gliding out of sight like specters—then all was still.

Returning, walking slowly arm-in-arm, a few moments later, the lovers were not a little surprised at Tom's absence from the door, and Nellie spoke quickly and in a tone of alarm.

"Something has happened," she said. "I am sure he would not have left his post unless—"

"All's well, I reckon," interrupted Jim, reassuredly. "He has probably gone inside for a moment. Come on—all is quiet."

He stepped boldly over the threshold, and a moment later Nellie saw him struggling to free himself from the grasp of two powerful savages who had sprung upon him from behind the door. Uttering a loud whoop, a third Indian rushed out of the cabin toward her. With a wild, terrified cry, she turned and fled toward the forest, hoping to elude her pursuer in the darkness. She reached the woods in safety, and ensconced herself in the midst of a dense thicket.

Soon the savage passed her, and with rising spirits she heard him walking from place to place through the shrubbery in search of her, but all the time going further away; and by and by his foot-falls gradually died away in the distance.

She emerged from her concealment and ran again back toward the cabin. She had passed over half the distance in safety when a loud, wild, exultant yell at the edge of the wood announced that the Indian had discovered her and was again in pursuit. With increased speed she pressed forward, hoping to outstrip him, but she soon saw that that momentary hope was vain, for the savage was gaining on her rapidly.

A moment more and she would feel his rough grasp on her person; perhaps his tomahawk would fall crashing into her brain! Still she kept on, hoping that something—she knew not what—would intervene to save her.

He was close behind her—she could hear his panting, beast-like breathing—she knew that his heavy, blood-stained hand was outstretched to clutch her. All hope was gone now—she must die! As she ran, her lips trembled with a prayer that God would receive her soul. Still, with that inherent love of life so strong within us all, she ran on and on, till a great circular hole seemed to bar her progress; it was a well. She dared not pause to go around it, but, concentrating all her strength, she leaped over it, and landed safely on the further side.

Exhausted and weak, she sunk to the ground, and with another prayer resigned herself to her fate—the horrible fate that seemed inevitable. She heard a wild, exultant cry from the Indian and knew that he was close at hand. A low, faint moan parted her lips—the cabin, the trees—the sky—every thing seemed to be swimming around her in mid-air, then all became dark, and she lay on the ground like one dead. Then there was a plunge, an awful despairing howl, a ghastly gurgling sound. The Indian had fallen down the well!

It was fully ten minutes before Nellie came out of her fainting-fit and knew that she was saved—how she could not tell. Then a few moments passed, and she seemed to hear during which her strength came back to her slowly, and she tottered to her feet and staggered toward the cabin door. All this time a desperate struggle had been going on inside. As she drew near she saw that an Indian lay dead in the doorway. With a start of horror she looked within. Her lover was stretched on the cabin floor in an insensible condition and the remaining Indian was stooping over him. There was a leer of cruel triumph on the red fiend's face as his heaving tomahawk trembled over his corpse-like victim. The girl saw it quivering in a moment ere it descended and closed her eyes; but she could not keep them from dwelling on the soul-sickening scene. The weapon was descending. In a moment—a breath—the man whom she loved more than life itself would be ushered into eternity! And she—oh God! she was powerless to save him!

In that one fleeting moment she seemed to suffer all the dread misery and despair of a lifetime. Just then there was a shout, and something black and ponderous, flew across the room, crushing in the skull of the Indian, and with a groan he fell dead on the floor. Tom, the black boy, had recovered his consciousness, and seeing Jim's peril, he seized a flat-iron from a peg in the wall and hurled it with deadly effect at the savage, snatching the young pioneer, as it were, out of the very clutches of death.

Nellie, with Tom's assistance, raised Jim and put him on a bed. His consciousness returned after a short time, and is it a wonder that with such care as Nellie's he soon recovered from the effects of the terrible conflict? Love sometimes works miracles.

They were married a month later, and a happier couple lives not in the "West country."

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measure.

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THE OTHER GRIMES.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

The other Grimes we learn is dead;
We grieve with sorrow sore,
He always wore a genial smile
With buttons down before.

No downcast, mooping soul was his;
He had a cheerful mien,
And looked on the bright side of things
With goggles large and green.

His learned mind the truths of life
Was very quick to catch,
He had perceptions bright and keen
With back-skin pants to match.

He loved in Nature's fields to roam,
And friends and friendship prized,
He loved the endearing ties of home,
But Jewsharps he despised.

The sad oppressions of the earth
Caused him some tears to shed;
He had a heart of gracious mold,
But no teeth in his head.

True charity his study was;
He plied those who pined,
The hopes of downcast men he raised,
And pumpkins, very fine.

To look at him you would have said,
"A kindly man is that,"
He wore the name of gentleman,
But a most wretched hat.

True wisdom of the mind made bright
His daily life and work,
His soul longed for the infinite,
And roamed beans and pork.

He sowed the precious grain of Truth
And harvested its fruits,
To bless the land he trod upon
With heavy stoga boots.

He never bowed before the proud
Because he thought it wrong,
He prayed for better days to come,
And chewed tobacco strong.

But on him fell affliction's hand
To end a well-spent life,
He left the world to mourn his loss,
His widow was his wife.

DICK DARLING, The Pony Express-Rider. A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"MARSE DICK, I tells you dat dis yer won't do. Hyar we is all alone in the prairie; and ef dem painted debbles comes arter us, whar is we? Why, nowhar."

And Tom Nelson rolled the whites of his eyes in all directions, as if he expected to see the prairie alive with enemies.

Dick Darling laughed. He was a young fellow between twenty and thirty years of age, and he had known and escaped so many dangers that he had become somewhat reckless. Dick had been one of the first, in fact the very first man that ever rode on the Overland Pony Express, years before the Pacific Railroad was thought of. In those early days he had traversed mountain and plain so often, with pack-ages worth millions with no defense save his own arms, that he had grown to think that he possessed a charmed life. He was now traveling on the borders of Oregon, looking for a location to settle on, within a few miles of the Klamath and Modoc reservations, and with a secret object in his mind, which will develop itself in due time.

"Never mind, Tom," he said, carelessly. "The Indians round here are all quiet on their reservations, and I wouldn't care if we were to meet a whole tribe. I came here to pre-empt a claim, and I'm going to do it in spite of all the Klamaths in Oregon. If they come after us, we can run. If we want to find them, we always have Hector, and he's a better trailer than any brave on the plains."

"Yas, Marse Dick," said the negro, dubiously; "but how is I to run wid dis ole mule? He's jes' as slow as he can be, and Hector—"

The conference was broken off by a low, uneasy whine from a large hound which was loping along close to the riders, and Tom exclaimed:

"Dar, didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick? Tom's a gone nigger dis bressed day. Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book."

Dick Darling swung his rifle round from his back and caught it under his right arm before he answered. Then he quietly observed:

"You're right, Tom; they're Indians. Turn your mule and ride slowly toward Fairfield's ranche. I'll take care of you. Tell Miss Charlotte—I mean, tell the Fairfields that I shall be there by sunset, unless I lose my hair, which I don't think likely. Don't hurry, for they can't catch you. Keep a steady trot and you'll tire the ponies out, if you have a good start. Take Hector with you."

He had hardly finished speaking when over a swell of the prairie rode a plumed Indian, in full war costume, followed by at least a dozen warriors. As soon as the latter saw the two riders, they halted, and took a long, silent stare. For the first time Dick Darling looked grave; his keen and practiced eye recognized them as Modoc braves; and in spite of rumors of peace, they were all in their war-paint.

"Away, Tom, and God speed you," was the young man's exhortation. Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight toward the war-party, while the negro, his face turning a dirty gray with fear, and his eyes rolling wildly, trotted away to the south-west, followed by the dog, the obstinate old mule keeping the same pace, and shaking his ears with a grunt at every new dig of Tom's heels.

The darky was by no means a novice in prairie lore. With a good horse under him and a rifle, he would not have hesitated to face the same enemy that his race so heartily detests. As it was, he had fallen in with his old friend Marse Dick when he was wandering about the settled portions of California, totally unarmed, and mounted on an old mule on which he had been peddling tinware to the farmers. The two had traveled on out of the bounds of civilization, Tom growing more uneasy every day, but ashamed to desert his comrade, till they came to the Klamath reservation, as we have described.

Now Tom rode off steadily to the south-west, and speedily reached a swell of land which would hide him from the pursuit of those "painted debbles," as he called them. Just as he crossed the swell he heard a rifle-shot and he looked back.

Dick Darling, one against a dozen, was galloping off at a right-angle to his own course, pursued by all the Modocs, with loud yells.

"Didn't I tole you so, Marse Dick?" muttered the darky, regretfully, as he plunged into the next bottom. "Ise gwine to Fairfield's to guv you message, but, gorrarnighly, tain't no use talking. Dem'll nebber see you agen, no-how. You is smart, but Capten Jack is smarter."

The negro pursued his way with caution and experience, keeping between the swells, followed by the dog, and never exposing his person at the top of any eminence however slight. He kept toward the south-west, where, he was aware, was situated the ranche of Fairfield, the Indian trader, whose affiliations with all the tribes were such that his goods were never harmed in any war.

It was toward this place that Darling had recommended him to go. Whether he would reach it alive was a moot point still. He could not hope to do it by speed. It all depended on whether any of the Modocs followed himself or not. He pressed on, ever and anon listening intently for the sound of pursuers. But none came and the hound gave no more tokens of uneasiness. Tom pursued his way in peace; and about four in the afternoon uttered a cry of joy. Fairfield's ranche, a small neat dwelling in the midst of a stockade of great strength, stood before him, as he turned the corner of a swell of land. The happy darky pounced vigorously at the sides of his mule, and succeeded in persuading the animal into a lumbering gallop, at which pace he clattered up to the gate of the stockade, yelling:

"Marse Fairfield, save yourself. De Injuns is up, and dem's done gone scalp Marse Dick Darling, and he sends de news dat he comin' hyar at sunset if he hab any ha'r left. Oh, gorrarnighly, ain't we jist had de big fight wid dem Modocs?"

He had hardly ended his speech when the face of a beautiful girl appeared at the wicket of the stockade, and a sweet voice said:

"Dick Darling scalped? I'll never believe that till I see his body. Why, I'd trust Dick to whip a whole war-party. You're afraid, that's all that ails you. Come in and see if you can tell a straight story."

And the gate flew open, revealing a tall, magnificently-formed girl, who beckoned the negro in, as if she had been used to war all her life. Somewhat abashed, Tom dismounted and entered, muttering:

"Dat ar Missy Charlotte, Marse Dick's gal. Ain't she lubly, jist?"

A few minutes later the darky was in the stockade with his mule and dog, while old Fairfield, with his two beautiful daughters, Charlotte and Sophy, cross-questioned him strictly on the events of the morning.

When he had finished, all looked grave except Charlotte, who said, firmly:

"He promised to come here this evening, and come he will. I know Dick."

In the hot noon of the prairies, a young man,



"Dem's Injuns! I knows Hector's ways like a book!"

with a Spencer rifle in his hand, was riding leisurely toward Fairfield's ranche, followed by five Indians. Every now and then one of them fired a shot; but it seemed indeed as if Dick Darling bore a charmed life. Not a bullet struck him for some time, and he rode on as if disdaining to reply. The Modocs seemed to be afraid to close with him, as well they might. Seven of their war-party had already bitten the dust, killed by Dick.

At last the chief took a long and steady aim, halting his horse to fire, and to his great joy the quondam express-rider dropped from his saddle to the ground.

With loud yells of triumph the Indians galloped up, only to meet a terrible transformation. Leaping to his feet, unhurt, Dick leveled his repeater across his horse's back, and fired five shots in rapid succession. Three Indians fell, and the remaining couple, thoroughly demoralized, fled in confusion. The daring hunter uttered a triumphant laugh and remounted his horse. He panted a little and pressed his hand to his side as if in pain, but that was all the token that the bullet had hurt him.

"By Jove!" he soliloquized, as he rode toward Fairfield's ranche, "that little investment of mine has been well worth the thousand dollars it cost me. But that last bullet tried the mail. It was a fair knock down."

The secret of his invulnerability among the Indians was very simple. Dick wore a shirt of mail, light and flexible, but perfectly bullet-proof. It had cost him a thousand dollars, but it was well worth the money, as long as he kept the secret to himself.

Just about sunset, Darling rode leisurely up to Fairfield's ranche gate, and the first face he saw was that of Charlotte Fairfield.

"I knew the Modocs could never kill my Dick," was all she said.

And thus began the Modoc war.

The two beautiful girls, whose fortunes are ever uppermost in the rapidly moving events of Mr. Aiken's powerful romance, THE WOLF DEMON, are women of the true forest type, so widely apart, socially and by their surroundings, yet so near in the bonds of trial, suffering and love. The serial, for their story alone, is absorbingly readable, and excites, in the reader, the most enthusiastic sympathy.

Strange Stories.

THE ADVOCATE OF TERRACINA. AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

BENEATH the clear Italian sky lay the ancient town of Terracina, upon the gulf of the same name, which was fed by the blue waters of the fair Mediterranean, fairest of all the southern seas.

On the tenth day of April, in the year 1598, worthy Pietro Rocca, landlord of the little inn on the outskirts of the town of Terracina, known to all as the inn of the "Golden Goat," and situated on the high road leading to Naples, rose betimes, and throwing open the doors of the hostel, prepared for the business of the day. Not that he expected much custom, for war's fierce alarm had made travelers few and far between.

The States of the Church, Milan and Venice, were all at blood-letting, and few trades, except that of throat-cutting, flourished.

As the fat host of the Golden Goat sat down under the shade of a huge Lombardy poplar to enjoy a flask of thin wine, pressed from the red Sicilian grapes, a young man, plainly garbed in black, came slowly along the road. The sable suit, the flat, three-cornered student hat, as well as the pale face and utter absence of all weapons, told that the young man was a law scholar.

Twenty years before, Signor Nereto, the eminent advocate of Terracina, walking one bright morning along the highway just beyond the town, came upon a babe securely nestled in a huge earthen dish, and exposed at the foot of a little rustic cross erected by some pious hand to mark the resting-place of a soul who had fallen by the sword of some fellows of the Free Bands, who, from being soldiers in the time of war, became robbers in the time of peace.

The lawyer, childless and alone in the midst of his fame and wealth, took pity upon the babe that smiled in his face, and mercifully placed the child in the care of some good peo-

ple with the "gentlemen of the sword," as the soldiers of fortune were politely termed.

One of the horsemen was tall and slender, with jet-black hair, pointed beard and sneering eyes; another was short and stout, with gray eyes and close-cut brown hair; the third, a giant in size, with the golden locks and light eyes of the natives of the "Low Country." A Spaniard, an Englishman and a Fleming—men who fought for hire and who were fully as ready to change masters as to transmute copper-pieces into golden ones.

The Spaniard with the pointed beard gave a glance at the sign of the inn, the "Golden Goat," and another at the fat host quaffing the flask of wine, and his mouth watered.

"Ho, comrades!" he cried, "let us dismount and come to a reckoning here, over a bottle of wine!"

"Agreed!" responded the other two, in a breath, and so the three dismounted and called for three flasks of cypress wine.

The host at the first glance set his customers down as being members of a Free Band, out of work, but with their pockets well-lined; so he ran to supply their order as fast as he could.

"A thought occurs to me!" exclaimed the Spaniard, after the landlord had departed; "let us not divide our gold at present, but leave it here in charge of the host until we return."

The other two looked askance at this proposal; rogues all, they distrusted each other.

"And why not divide now?" asked the Englishman.

"Yes; why not settle the matter at once?" questioned the Fleming; and as he spoke he drew a leather bag from beneath his cloak and placed it upon the table. The clerk it gave out told of precious coin within.

"Suppose we fail in our expedition and are taken, then our ducats will be forced from us by our jailers; but if we leave them behind, when we get free—if mishap should come to us—then we can return and claim them."

"There's sense in that," the Englishman observed.

"Ah, but two may be caught and the other go free; then shall he take all the gold?" the cautious Fleming asked.

This was quite conclusive. The soldiers sneaked out of court. Nicholas got judgment, and the girl also, and from that day no advocate ranked higher in Italy than Nicholas of Terracina.

Beat Time's Notes.

WINTER FASHIONS: Coal-scuttles will be made with flounces half-way up, cut high in the neck, and will have worked pockets to hold needles and thread and thimbles. Skillets will be very elegantly dressed in riding-top, gauntlets; and for very cold weather, a fur-lined cloak. The tongs will require tight pants with spring bottoms, a short-waisted coat, and a plug hat. Elegant mops can be made out of white silk summer shawls rolled up and tied on the end of a stick with a silken cord with tassels. Wash-tubs will be cut high in the waist, and not wear hoops this winter. Wash-pans will be fleece-lined, ornamented with artificial flowers, and looped up at the sides, with train. Kitchen stores will be covered with highly embroidered cover of some very delicate color, with silk fringes around the edges; the doors will be finely grained and have elegant knockers, or be furnished with a pull-bell; inside of stove will be lined with fur. Dish-rags will be cut bias, with polonaise; buttons very large, and flounces quite deep; the color will be such as most suits the complexion. Ash-barrels will be dressed in calico-suit, sleeves flowing, sack short, with buttons set in gold flagee.

The old gentleman has just been heard from again. He is now a hundred and twenty-five years old, and will be another year older this time next year, unless he has the whole hundred and twenty-five years out of his life before that time. Three plugs of tobacco will last him nearly a day, and, though strictly temperate, he can't do without his regular ten drinks a day. He reads the SATURDAY JOURNAL regularly every week, without the aid of specks, and laughs without any assistance, or feeling bad over it afterward. He is still active—chops four cords of wood a day, and his board is ten dollars a week, which is considered cheap. He is the oldest man in this country, and his father and mother, we believe, are dead. He is quite active; can run and jump in the center of a ten-acre field; climb up on his ear; turn a grindstone with ease; fall off a fence; ride fourteen horses at once, and lick any man of his size so quick that he will think that it happened two or three days before.

My new improved health-giving tonic is so powerful that the skeleton-man took one dose of it a day, and his appetite returned. It took all the profits of the show to feed him, and in two weeks he weighed two hundred pounds; his hands and feet grew out of all proportion; his ears increased amazingly. In three weeks he was too fat to hand around; and they did every thing to prevent him being so healthy—wouldn't let him have any more food—but that did no good; he kept on growing out of all collection—even of his debts. He was fourteen feet high in one month, and a new suit of clothes cost him two hundred dollars. Attention of little men is called to the fact; they should all take it. Put up in great bottles at one dollar a bottle, and no questions asked.

AMONG railway signals, one whistle means "down break," or more generally a "break down," or a "smash up," just as it happens to be. A succession of short whistles means that some farmer along the road will have fresh beef for supper. A red flag near the track means "danger ahead." A woman with a red dress on the track means "danger afoot." Three whistles signifies "back up," at which the passenger generally gets his back up, but if he growls, the conductor will make him "back down." When your car is rolling down an embankment, it signifies that "something is wrong."

WHAT is the diff-no, let me see. What would have been the difference between a torn flag and General Grant, had he been beaten at Vicksburg? You give it up? Well, one would be a tattered banner and the other a battered tanner. I lost three nights sleep on that joke, and I thought that after all I would have to give it up myself; and nobody knows what agony that thought cost me. A pocket diamond edition of this joke will be printed, and agents are wanted in every town in the United States to call and explain it. Seventy-two dollars a week warranted!

I CAN'T get over the loss of that twenty-dollar bill yesterday. I wish now that I had invested it all in cups and saucers, and had a little satisfaction out of it by dropping them down from the second story window to see them smash. I might have ridden a week in the street cars; or, if I had known I would lose it, I might have gone and settled some of my little bills with it—I might have done that, but I wouldn't say for certain.

When a young man, I tried hard to part my hair in the middle, but it wouldn't part. I used to put a brick on each side of it, but it wouldn't do. I used to set up at night and train it; had boys to hold it down for whole days; tried to glue it back; did it up in papers; consulted all the editors I could reach with a ten-foot pole or a letter; wasted years of my life combing it back; lost millions of money, until my hair is now dep-arted in the middle, and my agony is over.

A MAN was arrested out West lately for stealing a Bible, and sent to jail. Now, that seems to have been hardly fair. Perhaps he took it with the best intentions, and had they let him keep it long enough to read it, he would have learned it was wrong, and immediately turned over a new leaf—of the Bible.

RETAIL market. Molasses, 25 cents a yard; eggs, 20 cents a string; butter, 30 cents a foot; calico, 11-2 cents a quart; grindstones, 2 dollars a ream; bacon, 1 dollar per bolt; pants, 10 dollars a pair; half a pair, 5 dollars; wheat, so much a piece, and candles fifty cents a can.

WHEN I was a boy, I was such a musician that I could play the most intricate operatic airs on a pair of bones so feelingly and sweetly that tears would immediately start from the eyes of the hardest-hearted potato.

Why don't they save time and ink by simply writing Cheigbaughough when they want to write Chicago?

CONSTITUENTS of Congressmen who took back-pay, are anxious they should reverse it and pay back.

Is the ark did not pumpkin vines come under the head of "creeping things?"

As all maidens aspire to be belles, should not a milk-maid be called a cow-belle?

Too much of a good thing is entirely sufficient.